THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
is published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa
BY JAS. C. HASSON.
Guaranteed Circulation - 1,188

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
If paid strictly in advance.....$1.50
" " if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " if not p'd within year. 2.25

Persons residing outside the county will be required to pay an additional per year will be charged to cover postage.

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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1885. NUMBER 10.

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HIS DAY.

Another New Year, eh? What's that to me?
I've seen a many on 'em, young and old.
And 'tis I to better off—for them that's gone,
And them to come won't fetch me in no gold!

Social gladness? Enough! With these here clothes?
This tangled beard, and these blear eyes o' mine?
A gray old hedger with the rumatiz
An' manner that was never superfine?

My sort? I ain't no sort—I'm all alone.
There ain't no house for me what would draw to me.
To lounge about in some down-cellar dive
Is all the signs o' home I ever see.

Quite right you are, it was not allez so.
I don't pretend as how it ain't my fault
That I sunk down from bad to worse until
I've got to where I'm now not worth my salt.

But let me tell you this one thing right here,
I don't go charge no woman with my case.
Whatever else I am, I'm fair and square,
And don't go maulin' her with my disgrace.

Wife? May be she was. What's that to you?
She was a saint on earth—not stiff and prim,
But just a common goodness ev'ry day,
Who never spoke a prayer or sung a hymn—

But did her duty patiently and meek,
Took the good and bad with smiling face,
I used to think the Lord used her to prove
That ev'ry where He has a dwelling place.

Well, when she died—I just let go; that's all.
There, don't you preach. I know all that dry stuff.
There ain't no use in dosing me with hell—
And as for heaven—it robbed me, that's enough!

What's New Year, then, to such as me? And yet,
Sometimes it seems as if she came again,
With all the womin' sweetness of her life,
To take me say to the glad day, Amen!

Faith? Thankee! And who knows but you are right.
A prayerful word has made God's glory shine
Upon a dying thief that turned to Christ—
Ah! well, this night her eyes may beam on mine.

A NEWSPAPER FILE.

It was two days after Aunt Priscilla's funeral, and Sue and I were sitting together by the kitchen fire with that hush over our spirits still which follows a death and a burial. All the afternoon we had been busy getting the house to rights, not meddling yet with the things which had been hers and were now ours, but by dint of open windows, sunshine and furniture dusted and re-arranged, trying to restore to the rooms that familiar look which they had lost during these weeks of anxiety and trouble. A few days more, and we must face a future which was full of terrors. Meanwhile custom as well as inclination accorded a brief respite in which to think of her who was gone and of each other, with the clinging fondness of those whose lives, never before parted, were about to separate.

She sat on a low stool, her head against the chimney jamb. It was the chimney of Aunt Priscilla's youth; she would never alter it—one of the wide old-fashioned kind, with pot-hooks and blazing logs, and a bake oven at one side. The soot blackened bricks and faint red glow made a background for my sister's head, with its great twist of fair hair and lily-like slender throat. She is very pretty, prettier than anybody I ever saw. I recollect a picture as I looked at her—a picture of Cinderella sitting in the ashes which attitude by the chimney side. She was equally picturesque at that moment; so far as looks go, equally worthy of a prince, but alas! no fairy godmother was likely to interfere from her apple tree over her head. Aunt Pris, who in a small way had enacted that part toward us, was gone, and her big rocking chair, which we had no heart to sit in, swung empty in its accustomed place, typical of like emptiness which we were conscious of in other things, and would feel for a long time to come.

Neither of us spoke for a while. We were tired and spiritless, and John Slade was coming presently to look over things, so we saved our words.

Dr. Slade—John—was Sue's lover. Their poor little engagement had been formed two years ago. How many years it was likely to last nobody could guess, but they held on to it bravely, and were content to wait. Pretty soon, as we sat waiting, his step sounded without on the gravel, and with a little tap—courteous but unnecessary, for the door was never locked—he entered, gave Sue a gentle kiss, me another, and sat down between us in auntie's big chair. It was a comfort for him to do that. The house seemed less forlorn at once.

"Well, children, how has the day gone?" he asked.

"Pretty well," replied Sue. "We have been busy and are tired, to-night, I think. I'm glad you are come, John dear. We are getting lonely and dismal, Cree and I."

Lucretia is my name, but Sue and Aunt Priscilla always called me "Cree."

John adjusted a stick on the embers and with one daring poke sent a tongue of bright flame upward before he answered. Then he took Sue's hand in his broad palm, and patting it gently, said: "Now let's talk over matters. We ought to decide what we are to do, we three."

"That 'three' was very comforting to me, but John always is a comfort. He was 'made so,'" Aunt Pris said. And he certainly carries out the purpose of his creation.

"Did your aunt leave any will?" he went on.

"Only this," and I brought from between the leaves of the Bible, where we had found it, a half sheet of note paper, on which dear aunty had stated, in her own simple form, that she left all she had to be equally divided between her nieces, Susan and Lucretia Pendexter. Squire Packard's name and Sarah Brackett's, our old washerwoman, were written below as witnesses.

"Very well," said John. "That's good in law, I fancy; or, if not, you are the nearest relations and it's yours anyway. What property did your aunt own besides this house?"

"She had an annuity of $250 a year and $50 more from some turnpike stock. That's all except the house and furniture, and there is a mortgage of $800 on that, Squire Packard holds that. The annuity stops now, doesn't it?"

John looked as though he wanted to whistle, but refrained.

"Your aunt was a clever manager," he said—"a capital manager. She made a very little go a great way, didn't she? I don't know anyone else who could live on $300 a year, with mortgage interest taken out. You have always seemed cozy and comfortable."

"We always have been. But we had the garden you know, and the cow; that gave us two-thirds of our living. Aunty was a wonderful housekeeper, though. Isn't it a great deal cheaper to feed women than men? She always said so."

"I suppose it is. Men are carnivorous. A diet of tea and vegetables don't suit them very well they are apt to grumble for something more solid. Well, my dear girl, our summing up isn't very satisfactory. Even without the mortgage you couldn't live on $50 a year."

"No. And I've been thinking what we could do. So has Cree, though we haven't spoken to each other about it. "I might teach a district school, perhaps. And Cree—"

"I could take a place as plain cook. There isn't any thing else I can do so well. Plain cooking, with dripping and soap fat by way of perquisites;" and I gave a laugh which meant to be merry.

"It is hard," said John, with a moody look on his face which was foreign to its usual frank brightness. "How much a little money would sometimes do for people who can't get it, and how little it is worth to other people, who thing it away without a thought of its value! A thousand dollars, now. Any rich man would consider it a mere bagatelle in his expenses; but if I could command that sum it would make us three comfortable for life."

"How do you mean? What would you do with a thousand dollars if you had it, John?"

"I'll tell you. Langworthy is going to sell his practice."

"Oh!"

"It is a large practice, for the country, you know. It brings him in six or eight hundred a year—sometimes more. He has a chance to go into partnership with his brother out west somewhere, and he'll sell for a thousand."

"Yes, some people do. But the question is will they like me better than the other man who buys Dr. Langworthy out? If I were that man I should command both practices. It is a chance, don't you see? But a new man coming in has a chance to cut me out."

"I see. What can be done?"

"Nothing," with a rueful glance. "That's the worst of it. I can only keep on and hope for the best. But it is hard, when with this miserable thousand dollars I could double my chances and make a nice home for you. She, darling, don't cry."

She had laid her cheek down on his arm, but she wasn't crying, only looking sadly into the fire.

"If we sold every thing, all this which aunty left us—the house, everything—couldn't we get the thousand dollars?" I asked, desperately.

John shook his head. "I couldn't let you do that, Cree, in any case. You'll want your share some day yourself; it mustn't go into buying a practice for me. But, apart from that, houses sell so badly now that this wouldn't realize much over the value of the mortgage at a forced sale. And the furniture, though worth a good deal to keep, would go for nothing at an auction. This plan wouldn't do at all for any of us."

"Still, there's no harm in thinking about it, and seeing what we have and what it is worth," I urged, loath to give up any ghost of a chance. "We may do that, mayn't we John?"

"Of course. That is a thing you must do sooner or later. Look over the house, and make a list carefully, and we'll consult and fix on approximate values. Don't hurry about it, though. Next week is time enough, and I know you need rest."

"Rest is the very thing I don't need and can't take," I cried, impetuously. "Something to fill up the long days and keep us from thinking and getting blue is what we want. We'll make the list to-morrow, John."

A little more talk and he rose to go.

"Did you stop at the postoffice, John?"

"Yes. There was nothing for you."

"Not even the *Intelligencer*?" asked Sue languidly.

"I forgot to tell you. There has been a great fire in New York, and the *Intelligencer* is burned out. Abner brought the news over; it was telegraphed to the junction. They say the building is a total loss, so I suppose there won't be any publication for a while—some days at least."

"Poor aunty! how sorry she would be!" sighed Sue. "Aunty took the paper ever since it began, forty-five years ago. She never missed a number. There it still is up stairs—stacks and stacks of it. She was so proud of her file. It's no use at all now, I suppose, is it, John?"

The pagman will give a penny a pound for it, I suppose; that's something."

"We'll weigh the lot one of these days, and see what we can realize," said John. "Good night, children."

It was a ghostly task which we set out to do next day. The past itself, the faint, fragmentary past, seems to be wrapped up and inclosed in those bundles of time-worn articles with which elderly people lumber their storerooms and closet shelves. Some air of antiquity exhales as you open them, and mingling with our modern air, produces an impression half laughable, half pathetic, like the museum in a barn collector. She loved old things because they were old, apart from need and value, and instinct and principle combined, had kept her from ever throwing away anything in her life. Our list was a very short one. A few articles and table, a dozen tin spoons and a small teapot in silver, the high newspaper heap which I had appraised at a penny the pound—these seemed the only salable things; and we looked comically and grimly into each other's faces as we put them down.

"I wish it were possible to eat *Intelligencers*," said I.

"They say newspapers make excellent counterpanes," replied Sue—"warmer than blankets."

John came as usual in the evening. "Here's enterprise," he called as he came in.

"What is enterprise?"

"The *Intelligencer*! Behold it, large as life, and looking just as usual, only forty-eight hours after the fire! That's what I call pluck."

"Isn't it?" cried Sue admiringly. As she drew the paper from its wrapper, and held it to the blaze that she might see the familiar page. Meanwhile I took from my pocket our modest little account.

"You were right, John. Sue and I have searched the house over to-day, and this is all there is of any value—the furniture, a little silver, and those wretched *Intelligencers*."

I was interrupted by a startling cry. Sue was gazing at the newspaper in her hand with large, dilated eyes. Her cheeks had flushed pink.

"What is it? What is the matter?" both of us cried in a breath.

"Just read this! Oh, John, I don't believe it! Read."

She thrust the paper into his hand, and he read:

$1,000. The office file of our paper having been destroyed by fire on the evening of the 19th inst., we offer the above prize for a complete and perfect set of the Intelligencer from its first number, march 4th, 1830, to present date. Any person able to supply a set, as stated, will please communicate with the publisher. P. O. Box 2351, New York.

"A thousand dollars! Oh, Sue! oh, John! what a piece of good fortune! Dear aunt—think of her file turning out such a treasure! It is too wonderful to be true. I feel as though it were a dream;" and I danced up and down the kitchen floor.

John and Sue were equally excited.

"Only," permised the former, "we mustn't forget that some one else may have a file of the *Intelligencer*, and get ahead of us."

This wet blanket of a suggestion kept me awake all night. My thoughts kept flying to New York, anticipating the letter which we had written, and John posted overnight for the early stage. If it should be lost in the mails! When morning came I was too weary and too fidgety to employ myself in any way. But about noon John walked in, comfort in his eyes.

"Why, John, how funny to see you here at this hour! Why do you look so? You haven't heard yet; you can't, for the letter is only half way there."

"But I have heard! I got ahead of the letter—drove over to the junction, telegraphed, paid for the answer, and here it is."

Blessed John! This was the telegram: "Send file at once. Check ready to your order." P. HALLIFAX.

How we cried and laughed and kissed each other! How much that message meant! To John and Sue, the satisfaction of their love, life spent together, the fruition of deferred hope; to me, the lifting of a heavy weight, home, security, the shelter of my sister's wing, the added riches of a brother who was brotherly in very deed. And all this for a thousand dollars! Oh, how much money can do sometimes! and at other times, how little! We had grown somewhat calmer, though Sue still kept her sweet, wet face hidden on John's shoulder, and quieted sobbed now and then, when I turned emotion into a new channel by seizing a tumbler of water and proposing this toast: "To the memory of the late Samuel F. Morse."

John seized another and added: "The *Intelligencer*—may it rise like a phœnix from its ashes!"

I leave you to guess if we did not drink this heartily.—[*Harper's Bazar.*

He was at breakfast wrestling with a piece of remarkably tough veal. His wife said to him: "You always say there is something to be thankful for in everything. I guess you'll have trouble in this instance." "Not at all," he responded, stopping to breathe. "I was just thinking how grateful we should be that we met it when it was young."

Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, recently married a bride, for whose mother and grandmother he had performed the same ceremony.

RICH CHURCH GOERS.

Where New York's Wealthiest Men and Women Worship.

Wm. H. Vanderbilt pays $300 a year for a pew in St. Bartholomew's Church, but this does not imply regular attendance. The Astors are also Episcopalians and attend Trinity Chapel, which is an up town branch of Trinity Church. John Jacobs, Sr., is a member of Trinity corporation, which is the highest honor this Church can confer on a layman. The Ciscos are in the same Church communion, and the founder of the house was also a member of Trinity corporation. Russell Sage calls himself a Presbyterian and attends John R. Paxton's Church, which by the way contains a number of rich families. Horace B. Claflin is one of Beecher's best supporters, but does not pay as heavy a pew-rent as in former days. Cyrus W. Field and all that family are supposed to hold to old-fashioned orthodoxy, of which their father was a preacher, but their residence in this city has not strengthened the religious character of the family. The Harpers are fashionable Methodists, and so was Daniel Drew, who was a liberal contributor until he got cleaned out, and then his broken promises led to great disappointments. Jay Gould's folks were also of a Methodist turn, but Jay Gould himself has no time to waste in church-going. He showed his idea of improving the Sabbath by calling on William H. Vanderbilt one Sunday evening to arrange for mutual co-operation in the Western Union movement. Gen. Grant was one of Newman's pillars, and his illness had been a serious injury to that disappointed pastor.

Mrs. Commodore Vanderbilt attends the Church of the Strangers, whose pastor (Deems) owes his present independent position to her patronage. She was the means of his acquaintance with the Commodore, who bequeathed him $30,000 in cash and also the life use of the church in which he now preaches. Mrs. E. D. Morgan is a member of the Brick Church (Presbyterian) to which her husband was for some years the chief pillar. Mrs. A. T. Stewart is a member of St. Mark's (Episcopal) Church, where her three children are buried. Her husband's remains were stolen from the same vault nine years ago and have never been recovered. A sarcophagus, however, of great beauty and cost, has been placed in the Stewart Memorial Church at Hempstead for the merchant prince, and it is a small matter whether his bones are there or not. Mrs. Stewart will eventually be buried in the same place with similar honors. Miss Kitty Wolfe, who is also immensely rich, and liberal to a corresponding degree, is a member of Grace Church, which has enjoyed her benefactions to an unstinted manner.

Miss Harriet Lenox is a member of the Presbyterian Church, of which her father was an elder and her brother James a trustee. She is the sole legatee of the estate and keeps up her brother's method of silent and hidden charity. Mrs. Robert L. Stuart is also a Presbyterian, her pastor being the eloquent John Hall, who has the richest congregation in America. Mrs. Stuart inherited, without restriction, the entire wealth accumulated by her husband and his brother Alexander, and hence it is expected that she will make some very liberal bequests.—[*Troy Times.*

MEN AGAINST HORSES.

The Latter Best in Short Races; the Former in Long Ones.

As regards speed for a mile or two, or even several miles, there can be no comparison between the pace of a horse and that of a man on a bicycle. The horse is far and away the speedier; but after about twenty or twenty-five miles the horse, it seems, begins to come back to the man. The relative speed of horse and man, quite unincumbered by weight, has never been tried, as it is always necessary either to ride or drive a horse when he is being tried.

But in comparing the best times on record of a trotting horse driven in a light gig, as is the fashion in America, and a man riding and propelling a twenty-seven-pound bicycle, the conditions, taking the relative strength of the contestants into consideration, may be thought tolerably equal. Maud S., Mr. Vanderbilt's celebrated horse, trotted one mile in 2:09; the champion time for the bicycle is 2:39. Leaving out intermediate distances, I find that Lady Mack did five miles in 13:00; Mr. Hillier has ridden it on a bicycle in 14:18. Conholler did ten miles in 27:23 1-4; Mr. English accomplished that distance in 29:19 3-5. Twenty miles was done by the horse Capt. McGowan in 58:35; Mr. English, who holds the record for twenty miles, accomplished it in 59:06 3-5. Twenty miles well within the hour must surely be looked on as a wonderful performance. But after twenty miles the man rapidly begins to go to the front. The best fifty miles on record has been done by Ariel in 3:55:04 1-2, but Ion Keith-Falconer rode that distance on a bicycle in 3:45:58 3-5. Conqueror traveled 100 miles in 8:35:53; F. R. Fry, on a bicycle, did 100 miles in 5:50:05 2-5. The same distance, 100 miles, was done on the high road by George Smith in 7:11:10. The other distances mentioned were performed on the cinder-path. No trial has been recorded for a horse beyond 100 miles. But a tricyclist has ridden 222 1-2 miles in 24 hours, and a few weeks ago a performer on a newly invented little two-wheeled machine, of strange appearance, called a kangaroo, traveled 266 miles within the same time. It is, therefore, plain that in staying power a man on a bicycle, or even on a tricycle, which is a much heavier machine, not primarily adapted for racing, is infinitely superior to a horse. Probably up to twenty-five miles the best horse would beat the best bicyclist, but, after that distance, the horse would, in yacht-racing phrase, never see the way his adversary went.—[*Nineteenth Century.*

Brother Gardner's Good Advice.

"Gem'len," began the old man as he smiled benignly down upon the shining pates of the first row, "de Presmindenshul feeckshun am a thing of de past. It am gone forever. It am gathered into de archives of de forgotten, dar' to be kivered wid de cobwebs of decay. It am well. Dar' are some things we doan' want too much of.

"Let us now turn ober a new leaf. If political bigotry has fur the pas' three months prevented us from borryin' coffee of a Democratic naybur, it need no longer stan' in de way. If our feelings has made us hesitate to lend our fat hosses to a Republican, we mus' now offer him our wheelbarrer as well. It has been a long, dark night. We hev called each other liars, horse thieves, cheats, swindlers, robbers, nabobs, free-booters, corruptionists. We has sot each odder's houses on fiah, an' burned each odder's hay stacks. We has pizened each odder's dogs an' shot each odder's cats. We has stood an' glared at each odder wid murder in our hearts, an' we has skulked along de alleys wid clubs an' brick-bats in our hands.

"De long night am ober, an' daylight has broken. Let us forgive an' forgit. De kentry am all heah yit, an' sich of us as hev survived de struggle mus' purify our hearts of rancor an' bank up de house agin cold weather.—[Detroit Free Press.

Facts relating to the wardrobe of the Empress Eugenie have recently come to light. The story above the Empress's apartments was devoted to her wardrobe. The rooms were lined with presses in new oak. A room was given up to boots and shoes, another to hats and bonnets, a third to furs and opera cloaks, a fourth to dresses, a fifth to laces, a sixth to silken stuffs that had not passed through the couturiere's hands; and over the dressing room there were figures exactly her size stuffed with bran, which were dressed daily in the toilets that she meant to wear between the early morning and the evening. Everything that should go with the robe was put on the mannikin, which, when it was wanted, was let down by a lift into the dressing room.

INTELLIGENT BOZ.

A Scotch Collie That Can Do Everything but Talk.

There has been in this city during the past week a dog called Boz, which is really a wonderful animal. He is a thoroughbred Scotch collie twenty months old. He is of about ordinary size for one of his kind and age, light brown in color, with white breast and nose, and weighs thirty-five pounds. He has a very intelligent look and a great deal of grit. When three weeks old he came into the possession of R. B. Williams, of New York, who soon after began training him in Newark. Boz was an apt pupil, but it required a large amount of patience and persistence on the part of his master to complete his education—so to speak. It is undoubtedly within bounds to say that this is the best educated dog known in this country. Mr. Williams says that he has been offered $5,000 for him, but will not part with him. Boz was awarded the champion collar for educated dogs by the Medford fancy goods company of New York—a silver trophy of considerable intrinsic value, and highly prized for its significance.

Within certain limits, yet covering a wide range of subjects, Boz seems so well informed that he will at request do anything asked of him. He responds not only at the command of his owner, but just as well to that of any spectator. This in itself is something remarkable. The appliances used to show Boz's knowledge are a set of blocks, with leather handles, each bearing a letter of the alphabet; a set of similar blocks with the numerals from 1 to 9; a pack of playing cards, a number of coins, pieces of paper, books, pencils, pocket knives, etc. He will pick up any object mentioned, no matter how many different ones may be placed before him. He can find letters or cards of the pack, and pick out a good hand for euchre, poker, casino, etc. He can add, subtract, multiply and divide, by means of the numbered blocks. When asked how many times a person claps his hands in his presence, he will bark the same number of barks or picks up the corresponding block. Asked to bring a certain figure he does so, and when told to add another to it he gets the one showing the sum. He can give the product of one figure by another, even when one is fractional. He shows the number of days in a year, a month, or a week, also the number of working days in a week; when asked how many days he would like to work he picks up the figure 5, coins representing 5, 5, 10, 25 and 50 cents being placed before him, he singles out any one asked for, either according to value or size.

When asked if he were sent to a store with fifty cents and spent half of it, what change would he bring back, he takes up the quarter. In answer to the question what he would write a note with, he gets the pencil; and for a letter he takes the pen. He will jump over a chair as many times as requested, and on no account will he more than distinguishes colors correctly; and the quality of cloth, as silk, cotton, etc. He spells by means of the alphabet blocks many words of three or four letters, as cat, corn, dog, etc., and picks out cards, showing the words milk, beer, cow, yes, no, etc. Asked what he likes to drink, he runs to the milk, and where milk comes from he signifies cow. When asked what he would do if he were sick and in a hospital, he lays down and groans, and when a doctor comes he lolls out his tongue and puts out his tongue. When requested to do a certain thing he barks vigorously if attempts are made to direct him wrong. Boz is continually learning new things, many of his own accord, and some of these utterly unlike anything he has ever been taught. It is interesting to reflect on the means this remarkable dog employs to perform these feats. It would seem that he must have a better guide than mere instinct; indeed he shows not a little reason in many things he does, that he has a most wonderful memory admits of no doubt.—[*Buffalo Courier.*

Whittier to the School Girls.

A gift of seventy-seven roses to mark his seventy-seventh birthday, last month, drew out these lines from the poet Whittier:

To the Girls' High School, Junior Class, Boston.

The sun of life is sinking low,
Without, a winter's falling snow,
Within, the autumn leaves fall;
The heart of age your offering cheers,
You count in flowers my many years;
God bless you one and all!

Telegraphy in Japan.

I remember when the telegraph was first introduced into Japan, there was always a native staff with one European in charge of the office. At first, while the Japs were learning to send messages, they had to rely upon that European entirely. The natives themselves were too proud to acknowledge ignorance of English, and when a message was brought in, if the native operator was there he would look learned, as if he understood all about it, and when the sender left he would show the message to some other foreigner and ask him to read it. This lasted for awhile, until the firms began to find out all about each other's business, and then it stopped. But the Japanese are very precise and correct, as a rule, in their pronunciation of English, as they learn it more from books than parrots. One day a man went into the Hiogo telegraph office with a message to be sent to Osaka. The polite Jap took it from him, looked blandly over it and then said:

"You—cannot—send—this—message—today."

"Why?"

"The—gentleman—who—takes—charge—of—the—telegraph—office—is—drunk."

"Indeed! Is he often taken like that?"

"He—be—very—frequently—drunk."

"Well, what am I to do?"

"If—you—will—leave—your—address—I—will—send—and—tell—you—when—he—is—sober."—[San Francisco Chronicle.

The Pig was Loaded.

"Talk about dynamite, I can tell you a true story of what nitro-glycerine once did in our State. It was out near Prairie du Chien, where they were blasting on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Road. The contractor had several kegs of the stuff in an underground place. One day a workman left the place open; by and by some hogs came along, found a keg open, and, as glycerine is as sweet almost as honey, the animals filled themselves. One came out by and by and soon wandered into a stable which contained about forty horses belonging to the contractor. The hoggo fooling around among the horses' hind legs, which one of them drew off and gave Mr. Hog a good one. The concussion started the business, and not a vestige was ever discovered of the hog, of a single horse or the stable. And where the stable once stood there was a hole in the earth fifty feet deep and more than 200 feet in circumference. Fact, gentlemen!"—[*Madison (Wis.) Democrat.*

Inflammable Ornaments.

Pampas grass must now be put among the things beautiful in their place, but requiring caution in placing either of them near a light, or in striking a match too near their vicinity. An example of recent conflagration by pampas grass is sent us by a Philadelphian who had received a large packet of the showy and feathery grasses from California in a Christmas box. The grasses were laid on the table under a shaded lamp, whose flame was covered by a chimney. In moving them about, a sort of light dust or down was released from the plumes, and so, in the most unexpected way, the grasses caught fire when they were simply lifted from the table. The floating, cottony substances from the pampas must have settled over the flame of the lamp, or in some way communicated fire to the whole parcel. Cottony dust is quite as combustible as flour dust is known to be, and as the pampas grass is quite a popular ornament, it is well to be a little careful in handling its downy stems after lamplight.

HER PHOTOGRAPH.

WALTER LEARNED.

I know the photographer pinned
A little white card on the wall,
Which he'd wrapped up his head in a cloth
And focused his picture machine;
As he turned back to the chair,
I am equally certain that he
Said, "Won't you look right at this card?"
Yet she seems to be looking at me.

And after arranging her chin,
And twisting and turning her head,
And admiring the folds of her dress,
I am sure the photographer said,
"Now please for a moment sit still
And smile till you hear me count three,"
As he whisked off the camera's cap;
Yet she seemed to be smiling at me.

I presume that she thought it a bore,
And that she was quite ill at ease;
Saw little black specks in her eyes,
And felt a temptation to sneeze;
That she wondered how long it would take,
And what sort of a picture it would be;
And yet, when I look at the face
She seems to be blushing at me.

And when the brief seconds were passed,
And the artist had said "That's all!"
I presume, as she rose from the chair,
She only said, "When shall I call?"
But the message that waits on these lips,
That smiling, half-parted, I see,
Is as sweet and as fair as her face;
And it seems to be waiting for me.

LINES TO MY SPRING OVERCOAT.

Thou fickle thing!
Oh, I could smite thee with a tongue of brass,
But words are simple and so—but let it pass!
For thou art false as other men,
I hate the now as I did love the then,
Early last spring.

Why, false one, say!
Thou once wast warm enough to any clime;
And marked how short ago was that sweet time—
In August last, when sunstrokes filled the sky,
And for the lack of other coat I wore thee—aye!
Then smotheredst me!

And now? The breath
Of chill November makes me wish thee warm;
Deaf gives in the shivering eddies round me swarm;
Thou art as cold as frigid Greenland's snows,
And every one who sees thee laughs and knows
I'll freeze to death.

H. J. Burdette.

THE BRONCHO.

He Is a Gentle Looking Beast, But Is Full of Guile.

A broncho is a horse. He has four legs, like the saw-horse, but is decidedly more skittish. The broncho is of gentle deportment and modest mien, but there isn't a real safe place about him. There is nothing mean about the broncho, though; he is perfectly reasonable and act on principle. All he asks is to be let alone, but he does ask this, and even insists on it. He is firm in this matter, and no kind of argument can shake his determination. There is a broncho that lives out some miles from this city. We know him right well. One day a man roped him and tied him to put a saddle on him. The broncho looked sadly at him, shook his head, and begged the fellow, as plain as could be, to go away and not try to interfere with a broncho who was simply engaged in the pursuit of his own happiness, but the man came on with the saddle and continued to progress. Then the broncho reached out with his right hind foot and expostulated with him so that he died. When thoroughly aroused the broncho is quite fatal, and if you can get close enough to him to examine his cranial structure you will find a cavity just about the eye where the bump of remorse should be. The broncho is what the cowboys call "high strung." If you measure how high he is strung, climb up onto his apex.

We rode a broncho once. We didn't travel far, but the ride was mighty exhilarating while it lasted. We got on with great pomp and a derrick, but we didn't put on any unnecessary airs while we were on to get off. The beast evinced considerable surprise when we took up our location up on his dorsal fin. He seemed to think a moment, and then he gathered up his loins and delivered a volley of heels and hard

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - APRIL 3, 1885.

GEN. GRANT'S condition on Sunday night was extremely critical, but since then he has been getting better.

IT seems that the National Guard of this State instead of limiting the appropriation, as originally stated, to $100,000 to purchase ground, etc., for a permanent encampment, asked the appropriation Committee last week when the question came up before it, for $200,000. The Committee refused the request and reported the bill with a negative recommendation.

ALTHOUGH war between England and Russia was regarded as inevitable in London up to Monday last, it is now reasonably certain that the Afghanistan boundary, which is the matter in dispute, will be amicably adjusted. This belief is based on the pacific reply of Russia to England's demand which was received in London on Monday night. There will be no rupture between the two countries, at least for the present.

AT the approaching marriage of Beatrice, Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, to a Dutchman, known as Prince Henry, of Blattenburg, the Queen will give away the bride, which moves the Philadelphia *Press* to remark: "This will be Victoria's most conspicous act of charity since she sent a copy of her book on the Scotch highlands to a woman whose husband had been smashed to death in a Government foundry."

JUDGE WHITE, of Pittsburg, on Wednesday of last week, in sentencing a festive youth who had stolen a pair of roller skates for his "girl," denounced the roller rink as the curse of the land and said that if the prisoner had stolen all the skates in the world he would have conferred a benefit upon humanity and earned his freedom. This is pretty rough on the rinks, but, as we said some time ago in referring to judicial and pulpit denunciations against them, they will hold their own, at least for a time, but that they will eventually die out is quite certain.

THE nomination last week by President Cleveland of Congressman S. S. Cox, of New York, as Minister to Turkey, has been received by the country as one eminently fit to have been made. Everybody has heard of Mr. Cox and always to his credit. He is a very scholarly gentleman and combines literature with politics in a remarkable degree. Mr. Cox is an Ohio man and served eight years in Congress from that State prior to his removal to New York, and since he resided in that city has been elected to Congress eight times in succession. His public record is without stain or blemish.

THE Chinese forces gained a victory over the French at Langson on Friday last. The Chinese are reported as being fifty thousand strong, and the general in command of the French troops asks his Government to send him reinforcements "as quickly as possible." He seems to be in about as tight a place as General Wolsely, the commander of the English forces, is in Soudan, or Upper Egypt. The civilized world would view with complacency the defeat of both of these land grabbing powers in their attempts to ride rough shod over the heathen, the one in Asia and the other in Africa. A war between England and Russia would simplify the matter amazingly.

IN the State Senate last week Mr. Lee, of Venango county, introduced a bill prohibiting the issuing of free passes by railroad companies. If the Legislature could only be persuaded to pass a stringent bill on this subject accompanied with such a penalty for its violation as would render its enforcement absolutely certain, it would shorten the next and all subsequent sessions of that body at least thirty days, and thereby save the taxpayers of the State not less than one hundred thousand dollars. We have no faith, however, that such a bill will be enacted, as a free railroad pass is a thing of beauty and a joy forever to a member of the Legislature—a boon that he will never put aside if he can help it.

MAHOMET'S notion about appointments to office is set forth in the Koran as follows: "A ruler who appoints any man to an office when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against God and against the State." We suppose that this theory worked well enough in Arabia where no Presidential elections were held and where such a thing as a postoffice or an Internal Revenue Collectorship was unknown, but it won't meet the demands of this progressive age. We propose, therefore, to amend Mahomet's platform by striking out the words "better qualified for it," and inserting in lieu thereof the words "better entitled to it."—When thus modified it will cover the present condition of political affairs in this country and will meet with general acceptation by the unterrified Democracy.

MODERN history is full of notable instances in which Irish valor on many a European battlefield snatched victory from the jaws of defeat and saved the day for Britain's crown. History is now repeating itself in this regard on the shores of the Red Sea. Two weeks ago when Gen. Graham put his troops in motion from Berber to march to Hasheen, seven or eight miles distant, they were suddenly attacked on the route by a superior force of the False Prophet, were outflanked and fell back in confusion before the Arab spearmen, when the Irish Lancers changed the tide of battle by a desperate charge and retrieved the fortunes of the day when they seemed almost hopeless. In London this affair near Hasheen is claimed as a victory, but whatever of that character is to be attached to it must be attributed to Irish pluck and courage. And yet England, to her eternal shame and disgrace, still persists in clutching the throat of Ireland with an iron hand.

IT is now very evident that neither William R. Morrison, the Democratic candidate, nor John A. Logan, the Republican candidate, can be elected to the United States Senate from Illinois. The Legislature of that State, as our readers are aware, is a tie on joint ballot, thus requiring one of the two candidates in order to be successful, to receive at least one vote from the opposite party. It so happens, however, that Col. Morrison is opposed by two or three Democratic members, and one Republican, Sittig, from Chicago, has not yet voted for Logan, and pledges his life, his fortune and his sacred honor, that he never will vote for him. The Legislature has gone on balloting once a day, and sometimes oftener, for several weeks without any choice and every prospect of an election may be said to have disappeared. There is a chance that some man will yet be elected, but if he is, his name will neither be Morrison nor Logan. One peculiar phase of the long struggle is the gentlemanly manner in which it has been conducted by the principals and their respective friends, which is something unusual in such matters. In a conversation at Washington last week Mrs. Logan explained how this feature of the contest has been so strictly adhered to. She said:

"You have no doubt observed that there is an entire absence of bitterness in the contest between my husband and Colonel Morrison. Not a harsh word has been uttered by either of them or their friends, nor will there be, for neither will permit it. We are the best of personal friends. Colonel Morrison and my husband were in the same brigade at Fort Donelson, during the late war, and were wounded there. Mrs. Morrison and I went to the battlefield and took care of them. A warm friendship sprang up, which has not diminished, and I don't believe politics could lessen it either. I would not listen to a slander against Colonel Morrison or permit unfair advantages to be taken of him. My husband feels the same way, and I believe Colonel and Mrs. Morrison are as strong friends to us."

This is highly creditable to both sides, and in this instance at least, relieves the struggle from what usually gives to a Senatorial contest its worst and most repulsive aspect.

EX-SENATOR MCDONALD, of Indiana, who was represented last summer as having got his back up because he was not nominated for Vice-President at the Chicago Convention, and to have had it up again since Cleveland's inauguration because he was not taken into the Cabinet, has recently been at Washington and was tendered by the President the mission to Russia, which has since been conferred upon Gen. Lawton, of Georgia. Mr. McDonald declined the offer. The term of Ben. Harrison, the present Republican member of the U. S. Senate from Indiana, will expire on the 4th of March, 1887, and Mr. McDonald has an idea that he can be elected to succeed him, and it looks very much now as though he can. He thinks that a seat in the Senate is a much more desirable position than that of Minister to Russia, and in taking this view of the political future he is undoubtedly correct. Mr. McDonald, who is a good deal of a philosopher and a cool headed judge of men, was asked after his return to Indianapolis, to give his opinion of Mr. Cleveland as President, and in reply he said:

"He is a man of much more ability than the public have been inclined to give him credit for, but it is of a kind that does not show itself until occasion calls it out. He is an earnest, thoughtful man, who looks upon official station as a sacred trust, and will undoubtedly bend all his energies to the faithful discharge of its duties. So, if I were characterizing his administration, I would say the two leading ideas or features of it would be efficiency and economy. Every one holding an office under him will be required to discharge fully and faithfully the duties that pertain to it, while he will take measures to cut down the official force to the lowest possible point consistent with an efficient discharge of the public duties. While all official changes that are made will be made in the interest of his party, he will not attempt to make appointments in violation of the law or at the expense of the public service.

This is very sensible and is a correct estimate of the President and the purposes he has in view.

THE following nominations were sent by the President to the Senate on Monday last: Minister to Russia, Alexander R. Lawton, of Georgia; to Italy, Anthony M. Keiley, of Virginia; Brazil, ex-Governor Thomas J. Jarvis, of North Carolina; Portugal, Edward P. C. Lewis, of New Jersey; Netherlands, Isaac P. Bell, of Rhode Island; Sweden and Norway, Rufus Magee, of Indiana; Consul General at London, ex-Governor Thomas M. Waller, of Connecticut; Consul General at Berlin, Frederick Raine, of Baltimore; Consul General at Vienna, Edmund Jussen, of Illinois; Consul at Athens, Evan P. Howells, of Georgia; Consul at Manchester, England, A. Haller Gross, of Philadelphia. The comments on these nominations at Washington are highly favorable. In reaching a conclusion in regard to them Mr. Bayard's voice has been all powerful with the President, and it is freely admitted that he (Bayard) has done more to elevate the service abroad in the appointments made by the President since his accession to power, than any other man in the same length of time who has heretofore held the high position of Secretary of State.

A WRITER in the Philadelphia *Times* of Sunday last, in speaking, among other things, of several public men connected with John Tyler's Administration in 1841, says: "Walter Forward was then Secretary of the Treasury. He was from away up in the mountains at Somerset, and the late Judge Jerry Black was then in his law office." The writer is greatly mistaken. Walter Forward, who was one of the foremost men of his day, lived in Pittsburg, and never had a law office in Somerset. The writer in the *Times* confounds him with his brother, Chauncey Forward, who was a leading lawyer at the Somerset bar and a very eloquent and accomplished speaker. Jeremiah S. Black read law in his office, and, soon after his admission to the bar, married his daughter Mary, in whose behalf he (Judge Black) offered up such a brief, but touching prayer a few moments before he died. Chauncey F. Black, the present Lieutenant Governor of the State, is named after his father's legal preceptor, Chauncey Forward.

THE President having sent to the Senate all the nominations he was prepared to make, and there being no other business before it an adjournment *sine die* took place yesterday.

ENGLAND'S ALLIES.

Our London correspondent confirms to-day the previous and less detailed reports of the temper of the English people. The belief that there will be war is general. The acquiescence in that belief is equally general. Perhaps acquiescence is too weak a word. The Englishman is a pugnacious animal, and the Russians, since the Crimean war, have taken the place in the popular English imagination of the French as "natural enemies." It is two generations since Englishmen and Frenchmen have been arrayed against each other. It is barely one since England waged the last European war in which she has been engaged, with Russia for her enemy and France for her ally. Since the tragical farce of the siege of Sebastopol was played out, the Eastern question, in one or another of its phases, has been the chief question of foreign policy for Great Britian, and all the designs of her statesmen have been confronted by the opposition of Russia. It was against Russia that the "Jingo" enthusiasm was kindled by Lord Beaconsfield, and a war with Russia would be more popular in England than a war with any other power whatsoever.

It is is a curious illustration of the mutations of politics that Mr. Gladstone, who was driven by the exigencies of opposition to assume the character of a philo-Russian and the instigator of a new crusade against the unspeakable Turk, should now find himself forced by the exigencies of office to seek the alliance of the Turk against the Russian. As our London correspondent points out, Turkey really holds the key to the situation in Asia, and this fact is in favor of the English if they make a skillful use of it. A Turkish alliance is in the highest degree desirable for both England and Russia. England is the more likely to win, simply because she has more money to spend than Russia, and it is likely to go to the highest bidder. An alliance with Turkey would be more humiliating to Mr. Gladstone than to almost any other English statesman. It is not only because he has expressed the most unfavorable opinion of Turkey, but because Turkey will be apt to insist, as part of the price of her alliance, upon the virtual retraction of Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian policy. It is true that this policy has resulted in mere disaster and disgrace, and that a decent opportunity to retract it would be a real boon to the English people. But Mr. Gladstone is so thoroughly committed to it, and to all its disastrous and disgraceful episodes and results, that his retraction of it cannot be made to wear any semblance of dignity. That he must and will make it, if it will be effective, there is nevertheless not any doubt.

The attitude of Turkey is thus an element of the first importance in the struggle that seems to be coming. We pointed out yesterday another element hardly less important in the final outcome of the struggle, and even more so in its early stages. Our cable letter shows that it is gradually dawning upon the common English mind that it has perhaps been rash in taking the friendship of the Afghans for granted, merely on the ground that it has waged war upon them, and put in the place of their deposed ruler a subsidized servant of England. Afghanistan has been talked of as if it were the outer line of the English defense and a trusty bulwark against Russian encroachments. In point of fact, the whole of Afghanistan appears to be debatable ground, and its southern, not its northern boundary to be the outer line of the English defenses. When war is actually declared the Afghans are likely to give some unpleasant surprises to the British confidence in their "loyalty."—*N. Y. Times, of 29th inst.*

A DIGNIFIED ADMINISTRATION.—Formerly Washington during the months of March and April was crowded with office-seekers of all grades, and from the heads of important bureaus to the lowest and most obscure clerks, every person in office was nervously apprehensive of being summarily turned out to make room for new favorites. Men and women went about with long faces and hunted their "influence," which, in the slang of the departments, meant the Senators. Representatives and other influential persons whose "work" had got them place; while crowds of hungry aspirants to office beset the Cabinet officers and Congressmen to get placeholders turned out and themselves put in.

During a part of General Grant's eight years, in fact, this miserable game went on all the time; not with the General's consent, for he urged upon Congress the adoption of sound civil service rules, but against his will and greatly to his disgust and worry.

When General Garfield came in this wild scramble was repeated, to the general disgust, and men stalked through hotel lobbies and the departments, boasting of the promises which had been made them, and of rewards they had earned.

HUNGRY, PERHAPS, BUT ABSENT.

Nothing of this kind has been seen or heard here under President Cleveland. Those Republican journals which have had so much to say about the "hungry Democrats" are put to shame by the condition of things here. There is no clamor for place or reward; there is no talk of "promises" made; there is no urgency for office. No doubt a good many Democrats would like to take office—their Republican brethren have never shown a lack of greed in this matter—but the fact is that there are no crowds of office-seekers, and that the deliberation of the President and his Cabinet in selecting men to fill even vacancies and expired terms causes no protest or clamor.

A part of this decent reserve is due, no doubt, to the well-understood fact that Mr. Cleveland came into office absolutely unpledged. He made no promises before or after his nomination, or at any time during the canvass; and he positively forbade his friends and supporters and the managers of the canvass to make promises for him. He came into the Presidency, therefore, with his hands free. No man in the whole party or country could come to him with a "claim" or on the plea of an engagement made that he should be rewarded. The wise courage of the President in this matter is now the source of constant comfort to him and to his Cabinet. —*Washington Correspondent New York Herald.*

THERE is an abatement of the war excitement in London, but not of the determination of the Government or the people. Russia's reply to England's ultimatum is expected this week. The London *Times* of Saturday probably interprets England's policy correctly when it says: "Even if the Cabinet were disposed to preserve peace by concession after concession, it is now clear that such a policy would be as unsafe as it would be dishonorable. Yielding would alienate the Afghans and degrade us in the eyes of all the people of the East, without in reality averting war, which would only be postponed at most three years. A delay would only benefit Russia to the detriment of England." This loss of prestige derives additional humiliation for England by the failures in the Soudan.

AS A comment on the rush of Democratic applications for post-office appointments, it is said the Postmaster General has received applications from upwards of *six thousand* Republican postmasters asking to be continued in office. No greed there.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR BOY.

The land is overrun with tramps and criminals. Idleness and crime are on the increase. It is time to look these evils in the face and ascertain their origin and the social conditions which promote their growth.

In pursuing this investigation it is of the highest importance to find out the most potential factors of vagrancy and vice. Fortunately, this is no very difficult task. The statistics furnished by some of our best and oldest prisons throw a flood of light upon the question.

The report of the warden of the Western Pennsylvania penitentiary may be accepted as a reliable statement of facts, and it is an easy matter after reading it to draw the proper inference.

According to the report referred to, of the 574 prisoners received last year, 477 never learned a trade, business, or profession; 70 learned a trade, and 27 did some occasional work without having a regular calling. Of this number, 499 could read and write and 75 could not; 357 were either total abstainers or moderate drinkers; 191 were occasionally intoxicated, and 46 come under the head of intemperance.

It will be seen that sobriety did not save these men, as 63 per cent. of them were quite temperate. Education did not save them, as 87 per cent. had an ordinary English education. But 85 per cent. had no trade, and when this fact is stated no further explanation is required. It is utterly useless to expect a temperate and fairly educated youth to make his way in the world unless he is taught some useful calling. If he starts out into the world wholly unprepared to make an honest living, sobriety and education will not prevent him from becoming a tramp or a criminal. He must inevitably take his stand with those classes unless he inherits wealth or some wonderful good forune befall him.

It is well to brush away the generally received idea that ignorance and intemperance fill our prisons. The statistics we have quoted from a State with a white population, are matched by similar facts and figures from the prisons of England and France. Everywhere it will be found that idleness and the lack of industrial training are the main features of crime. The lesson to be learned from this brief summary should be kept before the mind of every parent. The only way to assure a boy's future is to give him, in addition to the proper moral and literary training, a useful trade, business, or profession, by which he may make himself self-supporting. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

EXACT WORDS IN WHICH THE MONROE DOCTRINE WAS EXPRESSED.—The citizens of the United States cherish sentiments the most friendly in favor of the liberty and happiness of their fellow-men on that side of the Atlantic. In the wars of the European powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defense. With the movements of this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately concerned, and by causes which, must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments. And to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.—*From President Monroe's Seventh Annual Message, December 2, 1823.*

WHY GEN. GRANT CANNOT SLEEP.—Gen. Grant's inability to sleep comes not so much from the condition of the body as from the unrest of the mind. He has it firmly rooted that he is going out in disgrace and under a cloud, and all that his friends can say to him in no wise changes this belief. He talks very freely with certain of his intimates on the subject, and he tells them of his mortification and chagrin that he should have been duped by Ward, and that so many persons should have lost money by him. He thoroughly understands, and indeed it is the truth, that Ward used the name of Grant to carry on his plans, and that many persons were led into them because they had confidence in Grant. And so Grant, with a mental disease upon him, and conscious that his end is at hand, rests with wakeful eyes day in and day out, and thinks, thinks, thinks. He tells his dearest friends that the responsibilities of battle and of leading the armies of the nation gave him no such concern as has this Ward business; that rest in the White House in the critical period when the country was recovering from the effects of civil war was sweet compared with the rest that has come to him in the last nine months. He had hoped that fortune might in some manner smile upon him so that he might return to those who have lost the money thus wasted. He would write, he would work, he would do anything to remove this stain from his family. But he has been attacked by a disease that must prove fatal, and soon he became too sick and too weak to stir out of the house. So he silently and grimly and without a word of complaint keeps to his couch and to his easy chair, and thinks. He mourns because he cannot make restitution and because he is helpless. It preys upon him so that he cannot sleep.—*Boston Herald.*

GEORGE B. LORING, who has made the office of Commissioner of Agriculture ridiculous, is succeeded by Norman J. Coleman, of Missouri, who has long been the editor of one of the most successful farmers' papers in the country. Mr. Coleman has been Lieutenant Governor of his State, but without being a managing politician. He has been a leading man in the granger and anti-monopoly movements, and his selection will no doubt be construed as a compliment to these classes. He is a man of excellent character and of fair ability and attainments.

Please Remember.

Do not forget that life is worth every effort that is put forth for its preservation, and no matter what the ailment or disease you should not give up to the fell destroyer without making every effort in your power to counteract his advances and to regain your health and strength. Yes, please remember that Dr. Hartman, of Pittsburgh, has discovered a remedy called *Peruna* which, although not warranted to cure every disease incident to this climate and humanity in general, yet it has performed some cures which were almost miraculous in their nature. *Peruna* is composed of the purest of ingradients, and no mineral poison is allowed to enter into into it under any consideration, and hence it is always a sure and safe remedy. Give it a trial and you will like it.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—This season's orange crop in Florida is the largest ever known.

—The great strike of coal miners in the Hocking Valley is ended, and the miners are asking for work on any terms.

—A Reading man has bought a farm of 131 acres on which he intends to raise bullfrogs, snapping turtles and fish.

—New Orleans' authorities are so negligent in the prosecution of criminals that prominent citizens talk of forming a vigilance committee.

—The late Henry P. Duclos, of Hartford, Conn., made liberal provision in his will for the maintenance of two horses, two dogs, and one white and one yellow cat.

—Treasure hunters have found employment near Walker Lake, Nev., searching for a sack of gold, said to have been buried by a miner many years ago under a boulder in that neighborhood.

—City Treasurer Crawford, of Oswego, N. Y., has been missing since last Friday morning. An investigation of his books shows a shortage of over $26,000. Speculation was the cause.

—The British War Department has ordered from Chicago eight thousand additional cases of canned beef, representing about 650,000 pounds, and has sent for proposals for ten thousand additional cases.

—Citizens of Lincoln county, Mo., are excited over the confession of Wesley Gibson, who, having been tried and acquitted for the murder of Mack Wilkinson in July, 83, thinks himself safe, and boldly tells the story of the crime.

—Joseph R. Howell, a collector of State and county taxes, residing at Scranton, Pa., left for parts unknown last week, a defaulter in the sum of $500. It is said he also had in his keeping $1,500 belonging to the old Forge school district.

—Forty men were imprisoned on Friday last, and it is believed all of them were instantly killed by an explosion of a fire damp in a colliery at Tropan, in Austria Selisia.—Fifty-six miners were killed on the same day by an explosion in the mines owned by Baron Rothschild, at Ostran in Moravia.

—The smallpox is raging as an epidemic at Mound City, Ill. Out of a population of 1,500, fifty cases are reported. Eight deaths occurred last week. The disease is confined almost entirely among the negroes, only two white families being afflicted. Vigerous efforts are being made to suppress the scourge.

—The commissioner appointed to investigate the Treasury department, with a view to reducing the force, held their first formal meeting on Friday last. The commissioners began work on Saturday by examining the Bureau of Internal Revenue. They will probably examine the sixth auditor's office next.

—A train of cars near Pittston the other day struck a two-horse delivery wagon containing only the driver, who clung to the engine pilot and was saved from injury. The wagon was knocked to splinters, and the harnesses, including both collars, were torn from the horses, but, strange to say, neither man nor horses were at all hurt.

—The officers of the society for prevention of cruelty to children at Brockton, Mass., on Friday last arrested Luther A. Sears, a prominent church member, on a charge of brutal abuse of his children.—Among other acts of cruelty it is alleged that he inserted red-hot wires into his children's ears by way of punishment. Startling developments are promised at his trial.

—The United States man-of-war Swatara arrived at New Orleans last week with seventy-eight destitute Americans, who had arranged to found a colony on the Mosquito coast, but being unacclimated, fell victims to the heat and malaria. Provision has been made to receive the sick of the party in the Charity hospital, while the government will send the able-bodied where they can care for themselves.

—One day last week two woodsmen found an Indian camp on Pine river, in the southwestern part of Cadiallac county, Mich., with only one Indian girl as the survivor of a party of seven. She had been four days without food. The men took her to the nearest settlement, and buried the six bodies in the snow. They were a wandering band of Ottawas. The snow was too deep to permit them to hunt, and they were too weak to travel.

—The boilers of the steamer Mark Twain running as a ferry boat between Memphis and Mound City, Arkansas, exploded last Friday afternoon while lying at Mound City, killing Will F. Tieste and A. J. Demerick, two young men from Louisville; the fireman, a deck hand and another unknown negro, Captain Gus Fageman had a leg broken, as did also Captain George Malone, the pilot. The barkeeper was badly scalded, and Mary W. Jones, a colored passenger, had an arm broken. There were about 20 persons aboard the boat when the explosion occurred.

—The Catholic citizens of Sharpsville have petitioned the Mercer county courts, asking that the School Directors of that borough be restrained from allowing the use of the Bible in the public schools. The petitioners claim that the service is offensive to all members of the Catholic Church, and calculated to injure their children by inculcating erroneous views. The question is agitating that whole county, as it is the first time that it has been carried into courts in the history of the State. It is the intention of the defeated side to take it to the Supreme Court.

—A suit was begun in the Federal Court at Chicago on Friday last against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to compel compliance with the law requiring that stock in transit be given five hours' rest every twenty-eight hours on the road. This suit is understood to be at the instance of the American Humane Society and will be of special interest in the West to railroads and stockmen, as the society at a recent meeting in Pittsburg resolved to hire attorneys in the principal cities where there are stock yards to prosecute violators of the law. This is the first case under the statute of the West.

—Telegraphic reports from West Virginia show destitution and suffering indescribable throughout the counties of Braxton, Gilmer and Calhoun. In many localities the people are on the verge of death by starvation, the shock is no better off than the people, and animals are dying for want of food. Suffering is great in Roane and Jackson counties. In some sections of the stricken districts the people are subsisting on beans and gruel made of wheat ground in coffee mills. For miles a store cannot be found, and those that are kept have little or no stock of provisions on hand. The low state of the wells and springs during the drouth of last summer and fall sowed the seeds of disease, and many people are sick. The difficulty of getting medical aid adds to the terror of the situation.

—Information has been received of a sensational occurrence near Wadesborough, N. C., one night last week. A tramp called at a house occupied by two ladies and asked for lodging. They at first refused his request, but finally agreed to lock him in a closet where he was to remain all night.—About 12 o'clock the ladies were waked by a negro who had come into their room. He threatened to kill them if they made an outcry and demanded money, which one of the ladies said she would get. She then went to the closet and unlocked the door, when the tramp who had heard the whole conversation sprang out pistol in hand. The negro started to run but the tramp fired, killing him instantly. Shortly afterward it was discovered that the supposed negro was a white man who had blackened himself and invaded the house. He was recognized as a neighbor of the ladies.

MORE Wonder-Books Two Cents.

"WHAT is the World coming to? The poor man is now on an equality with the richest, so far as books are concerned."—*Central Baptist*, St. Louis.

A HAPPY MAN. "Give a man this taste (for good books), and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters which have adorned humanity."—SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

Elzevir Library. Dainty little books, always unabridged, in large type, and in neat paper covers. The prices include postage:

1	Rip Van Winkle. Irving	20c	130 Milton. T. Babington Macaulay	5c
3	The Burning of Rome. Farrar	20c	132 Erasmus and Henry VIII. D'Aubigne	20c
5	Sea-Serpents of Science. Wilson	20c	133 Lady of the Lake. Scott	20c
6	Enoch Arden. Alfred Tennyson	20c	137 Marmion. Scott	20c
8	Frederick the Great. Macaulay	20c	139 Lay of the Last Minstrel. Scott	20c
10	Queen Mabel, etc. Ellen T. Alden	5c	125 Confessions of an Opium-Eater	10c
11	Life of Sir Isaac Newton. Brewster	20c	124 Legend of the Wandering Jew	20c
12	World Smashing, etc. Williams	20c	140 Hermann and Dorothea. Goethe	20c
14	Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Illus	10c	122 Public Speeches. Edward Everett	20c
15	American Humorists.—Holmes	20c	121 Some of My Pets. Grace Greenwood	20c
17	American Humorists.—Holmes	10c	129 The Raven, etc. Edgar A. Poe	20c
19	American Humorists. A. Ward	20c	119 Ethics of the Dust. John Ruskin	10c
21	American Humorists. Mark Twain	20c	138 Crown of Wild Olive. John Ruskin	10c
22	Deserted Village, etc. Goldsmith	5c	117 Sesame and Lilies. John Ruskin	10c
26	Cotter's Saturday Night, etc. Burns	5c	116 Luther Anecdotes. Dr. Macaulay	5c
28	Songs of Seven, etc. Jean Ingelow	20c	115 Luther's Table Talk. Dr. Macaulay	5c
35	Schiller's Song of the Bell, etc.	20c	114 Life of George Muller. Mrs. Muller	5c
147	Great Thoughts from Greek Authors. Euripides	20c	113 The Understanding. John Locke	10c
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142	Emerson. Matthew Arnold	20c	108 Tints of the Times. C. C. Everett	20c
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136	What Is Poetry. Matthew Arnold	10c	104 Count Rumford. John Tyndall	20c
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134	Wendell Phillips. Geo. Wm. Curtis	3c	101 Manippa. Lord Byron	20c
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131	The Coming Slavery. Spencer	2c	99 The Four Chief Apostles. F. Godet	20c
132	On Liberty. John Stuart Mill	12c	98 Gertrude of Wyoming. Campbell	20c
83	Rokeby. Sir Walter Scott	8c	84 Essays on Man. By Pope	3c
			82 Flor d'Aliza. By Lamartine	15c
			79 The Spectre Bridegroom	5c
			78 The Greek Anthology. Lord Neaves	15c
			81 Aristophanes. By W. J. Collins	15c
			80 Pliny. By Church and Brodribb	15c
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			45 Tacitus. By W. B. Donne	15c
			34 Young People's Life of Washington	20c
			70 Nos. 2, 43, 66, 67, 68, 69, combined	10c
			69 A Half Hour with St. Paul	10c
			68 The Crucifixion, Cunningham Geikie	10c
			67 Seneca and St. Paul. Canon Farrar	20c
			65 The Celtic Hermits. Chas. Kingsley	20c
			56 Schiller's History Thirty Years' War	20c
			64 The Essays of Lord Bacon	10c
			63 Mad King's Daughter. Andersen	10c
			62 The Ugly Duck, and other Stories	10c
			61 The Picture Book without Pictures	10c
			60 The Ice Maiden, and other Stories	10c
			59 The Christmas Greeting	10c
			58 Show of Fortune, and other Stories	10c
			57 Fairy Tales. Hans Andersen. Illus	10c
			56 The Story Teller, and other Tales	10c
			54 Nos. 10, 13, 40, 51, 52, 53 combined	12c
			53 Adventures of Baron Munchausen	20c
			52 Shetland the Sailor	20c
			51 Fables from Æsop. Illustrated	20c
			50 Philosophy of Style. Spencer	10c
			44 Evidences of Evolution. Buxley	4c
			43 Buddhism. By John Caird	20c
			42 Christmas Carol. Dickens. Illus	10c
			41 Life of Peter Cooper. C. E. Lester	10c
			40 Sunshine and other Stories. Alden	20c
			39 Life of Mozart and Wagner. Pratt	20c
			37 Pearls of the Faith. Edwin Arnold	15c
			35 Sintram. H. Stephanie Winsworth	20c
			32 Indian Song of Songs. Arnold	6c
			30 Highways of Literature. D. Tyrie	10c
			29 How Lisa Loved the King. Geo. Eliot	10c
			16 Life of Gustave Doré. Illustrated	20c
			9 How to Read Natural History	40c
			9 Hamlet. Shakespeare	20c
			7 Motive and Habit of Reading	20c
			4 The Words of Washington	40c

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, March 30, 1885.

Government machinery is running very smoothly under the new management, and it is conceded on all hands that more and better work is accomplished under the new regime. As yet, the heads of the departments have been able to do very little in the way of reorganization and reform, but the needlessly complicated systems of the various bureaus are receiving careful study, and it is expected that from 1,500 to 2,000 clerks will be discharged in Washington alone.

A large crowd gathered about the stables last Thursday at the sale of Government horses and carriages ordered by Secretary Lamar. The elegant equipages brought good prices, but the money returned to the U. S. Treasury is but a small portion of the amount that will be saved. An elegant and expensive stable with grooms, drivers and horses, all costing not less $12,000 or $15,000 per year, will no longer be maintained at the expense of the taxpayer, and the example of honesty and democratic frugality will be felt in all the branches of the service over which the Secretary of the Interior presides.

It appears that the example of economy has already been felt by the Republican majority in the U. S. Senate, for the caucus has debated a proposition to reduce the expenses of that luxurious body $75,000 to $100,000 per year. In the first place, they propose to return to Gen. Butler the house for which the Senate has paid an annual rental of $15,000, and next, to reduce the number of clerks and employes, of whom there are more than are needed.

President Cleveland is maintaining his reputation as a thorough worker. He keeps cool, does one thing after another, never tries to do two things at once, and has ample time to look into and examine all the questions he is called upon to decide. His habits of hard work and long hours will enable him to give the great work before him conscientious and careful attention. There is no doubt he is more or less bored by the crowds of curious people who, more than mere office seekers, wish to see the President, but he does not fret or worry. A friend suggested to him the other day that a certain appointment which it was known would particularly please a certain newspaper, might be advisable on that account. It would secure the friendship of that paper for his Administration absolutely. His reply to this was: "Oh, well, they have got to come over to it, anyhow!

He does, in fact, believe that every reputable newspaper in the United States will be compelled to come to his support, because he does not intend to adopt any course or action as President of the United States that reputable journals can succeed in persuading their readers is wrong.

When our bilious Republican friends recall their gloomy augaries of what would follow the election of a Democratic President, they must be amazed at the inaccuracy of their imaginations. A few weeks ago they were indulging in horrid visions of the long haired, tobacco-eating bandits who they thought would take the Capital by storm and rob the "treasury good" and daintily nice of their soft seats and salaries. No civil service law, they predicted, could stand between these long famished "outs" and the long withheld good things of office. The Union soldier would have to give way to the gaunt and hungry grey coat. The dreaded Democratic President is in the seat so recently occupied by Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Arthur. And yet things go on in Washington much the same as before. There is no decline in real estate consequent upon dismissed Government clerks having their houses forced upon the market. In fact, there is no depression anywhere except in the minds and hearts of those clerks who are conscious that they have nothing to do, and have no reason or right to draw salaries from the public treasury. Outside of this army of Republican spoilsmen, loafers and grasshoppers, male and female, who have been appointed and upheld solely by "influence," all is peaceful and prosperous at the Capital, and numerous Republicans are now saying that the change came not a day too soon. K.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

PHYS

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - APRIL 3, 1885.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

Chesnier and chesnier grow the days,
And the storms are fewer and fewer,
Warmer each day grow the sun's glad rays,
And the skies grow bluer and bluer:
And the wife with only a shawl to her back
Has ceased her hullabaloo,
And serves no more for a sealskin sacque
And a marmed circular, too.
—Boston Courier.

—Farewell groundhog.

—Wild geese are flying.

—Spring time to make garden.

—Paint your Easter eggs ready.

—Little spring poets hold the fort.

—Monday next is Argument Court.

—Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets never fail.

—For canned goods go to the Sugar Bowl.

—Buckwheat cakes and maple syrup are ripe.

—Now with the bedbug take his annual flit.

—For choice groceries go to the Sugar Bowl.

—Trout fishing commenced on Wednesday last.

—Hollidaysburg children are wrestling with the measles.

—A Huntingdon man has a decorated Easter egg said to be 139 years old.

—This is about the time of year when your wife takes a spell of housecleaning.

—Altoona is agitating the question of introducing a fire alarm telegraph system in that city.

—Mr. A. T. Pindle returned on Tuesday evening after about a month's absence in Maryland.

—Insurance rates are to be increased in Pittsburg on account of the danger incident to natural gas.

—One of the skating rinks at East Conemaugh has been compelled to close its doors for want of patronage.

—Orders have been received at the P. R. R. car shops of Altoona for the building of five postal cars, which are to be completed by April 15th.

—Those who wish employment should look up R. G. Chase & Co.'s advertisement in another column. The firm has a good reputation.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has reduced the price of freight on coke ten cents a ton, making fifty cents a ton less than a year ago.

—A stock company has been formed at Saltsburg for the manufacture of glassware composed of salt, shale and lime. The capital stock is $15,000

—Jacob Stock, of York county, killed 1,434 hawks last year, for which he received $286.50 from the county treasury, being 20 cents for each scalp.

—Mrs. Mary Dougherty, wife of Mr. John Dougherty, the oldest citizen in our town, died on Wednesday evening aged 85 years. Obituary notice next week.

—Poor Man's Easter Egg Dyes—five colors in one package for 10 cents. Eggs dyed with these dyes may be eaten without harm. For sale at Zimmerman's drug store.

—The secret art of beauty lies not in cosmetics, but is only in pure blood and a healthy performance of the vital functions, to be obtained by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

—Vigorous health is man's finest estate. If weak and nervous, send for circular and five trial package of Pastilles—a radical cure. Herris Remedy Co., St. Louis, Mo.

—It is said that many farmers who had potatoes buried have discovered on examining their pits that the hard winter was too much for them and a great many are frozen.

—We call the attention of any of our readers who want a situation to the advertisement of R. G. Chase & Co., headed "Salesmen Wanted." Write them for particulars.

—In Brady's Bend twp., Armstrong Co., the supervisors have levied 23 mills road tax. A preliminary injunction has been granted by the court restraining its collection.

—Henry Schoenbals, foreman Henry Krug Packing Co., St. Joseph, Mo., uses Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil with his men for sprains, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, etc. It is the best.

—Messrs. Baker & Bro., horse buyers from Lancaster, shipped a car load of horses from this place on Tuesday last. The car contained 19 head. Horses are said to be low in price.

—John Bender moved his family and furniture, and took possession of the Cambria House in this place on Monday last. Mrs. Foster shipped her furniture to Greensburg on the same day.

—Mr. George Comerford, of Loretto, was in town on Monday last having the deeds made out for the old hotel stand of Philip Hertzog, in Loretto, having purchased the property from Mr. John Sherry.

—Mr. Joseph Bender, of Hollidaysburg, paid the FREEMAN office a pleasant visit on Monday last. He was on his way home from attending the funeral of his uncle, Mr. Albert Bender, of Johnstown.

—The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of E. Dufton & Son which will be found in another column. If you wish any thing in the hardware line call and see their stock and learn prices.

—Mrs. Garfield, widow of ex-President Garfield, is to be married some time during the summer, to Rev. William M. Taylor, of the Westfield Presbyterian church, near New Castle, Lawrence, county, in this State.

—A dwelling house situated in the western end of Altoona, belonging to John Anderson, a Swede, employed in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's foundry, was burned on Sunday evening. His loss is about $400.

—A part of the Johnstown Casino skating rink which was in process of erection and intended to be completed and opened after Easter with a ball, fell on Saturday morning last causing a loss to the contractors of about $800.

—Dr. Kessler's English Cough Remedy, McDonald's Worm Powders, Improved Liver Pills, and Blood Purifier, Dr. King's New Discovery, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, can be bought at cost at Dr. Zimmerman's drug store.

—Ex-Senator Cowan, of Greensburg, who visited New York city to consult an eminent physician with regard to a cancerous affection in his mouth has been pronounced incurable and the disease is said to be similar to that of General Grant's.

—A passenger on East Line on the Pennsylvania railroad on Tuesday evening last, had his pocket picked of $110 at Tyrone. He was accompanied by his wife and four children and was on his way to Iowa. He had but twenty-five cents left.

—Our butcher friend, Joseph Gutwald, brought four of the nicest fat cattle into town on Monday last that have been brought here for some time. Mr. Gutwald intends having steaks out of one of them for Easter. They were raised in Indiana county.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has fixed the price of cross ties for this season as follows: White oak, 55 cents; rock oak, 45 cents, and second class, 30 cents.—This is a reduction of 10 cents on white oak, 8 cents on rock and 10 cents on second class.

—Rev. R. Dunlap, a Baptist minister, started from his home at Richardsville, Jefferson county, for Corsica, the same county, in a buggy to fill an engagement. He was in good health when he started, but on arriving at Corsica, he was found sitting upright in the vehicle, dead.

—Mr. Samuel Fienner, of Braddock, has received news that his uncle, David Fienner, has died in Texas. The deceased left a fortune of $40,000 which he willed to his nephew. The latter will leave for Texas at once to take charge of his newly gained wealth.

—A writer in *Chamber's Journal* says that chloride of lime mixed with water will effectually drive rats from their haunts, and claims to have rid an infested ship and his own house of these pests. The plan is a very cheap one and easily applied and at all events is effective as a deodorizer and disinfectant.

—A little four-year-old son of Mr. Daniel Eberly, of this place, on Monday last got hold of a bottle of *aqua ammonia* and swallowed some of its contents. His lips and mouth became very sore from its effects but as the liquid had lost considerable of its strength the little fellow luckily escaped without any serious consequences.

—A young woman residing in Cambria township, who "loved but wisely but too well," made an information one day last week against a young man residing in the same neighborhood and had a warrant issued for his arrest. The young man, however, did not wait for his arrest but came in the next day and entered bail for his appearance at Court.

—A new counterfeit $20 gold coin has just been discovered. It is dated 1860 and is the first of its kind that ever made its appearance. The composition is apparently lead and glass and it has a thin coating of gold wash. It weighs 296 grains and is slightly larger than the genuine piece. It has a good ring and unless closely examined as to color and size it is liable to deceive.

—Abram Lingenfelter, a well known and very prominent citizen of Blair county, died in Greenfield township, in that county, on last Monday, in the 70th year of his age.—He was elected Register and Recorder of the county in 1874 and re-elected in 1877.—He was an unflinching Democrat, a man of unspotted character, and was universally respected throughout the county.

—The congregation of St. Patrick's church, Gallitzin, will give a tea party and festival at St. Patrick's Hall on Monday evening next, the proceeds of which will be added to the fund for the erection of the new Catholic church at that place. Good music will be provided and the managers will leave nothing undone towards making it pleasant for those in attendance.

—Mr. John O. Phillips, of Pittsburg, one of the same family who own and in the summer season live in the property once belonging to Andrew Lewis, deceased, has purchased from T. W. Dick, Esq., agent for Joseph Patton, of Hollidaysburg, who is the owner, the brick house opposite the jail, and will use it as a summer residence. We did not learn the amount of the consideration.

—Farmers should bear in mind that the season will soon be here when they will be busy with their spring work and scarcely have time to come to town. They should prepare themselves for the emergency by stepping into John Owens' store on High street and laying in a stock of dry goods, dress goods, boots and shoes, groceries and provisions, which John always sells at bottom prices.

—Miss Mary Mattson, a wealthy maiden lady of Blairsville, aged about forty one years, committed suicide on Saturday morning last by hanging. She had fastened a clothes line to a hook on the porch in the rear of her residence and standing on a bench placed the noose around her neck and jumped off. She had been melancholy for some time but was not considered of unsound mind.

—Hon. A. A. Barker, Chairman of the State Prohibition Committee, has issued a call for a mass Prohibition County Convention to be held in Temple of Honor Hall, Johnstown, this Friday evening, at half-past 7 o'clock, "for the purpose of organizing the county Prohibition work and to transact all business that may come before the convention tending to perfect the Prohibition work of the county."

—The appraisers appointed by Judge Flanagan to appraise the effects of M. W. Keim & Co., the suspended bankers of Johnstown, figure up the liabilities at $41,220 20 and the assets at $42,247.00. To make up the latter, however, $6 777 00 in bills receivable and considered doubtful are counted. A meeting of the creditors of the defunct bank was held in Johnstown on Friday evening last but nothing of importance was done.

—A young man from the northern end of the county came to town the other day determined on getting a wife. He had one in view when he arrived, but, after popping the question, found to his dismay that his prospective partner was not in a marrying mood. This did not discourage him, however, as he hired a livery team to take him to Cresson, remarking "She has a sister out West, and I'll go out and marry her." "Barkis is willin'."

—The roads at present are so bad that it is almost impossible for people to travel. The snow is off the fields and the farmers are shutting them up and objecting to persons driving through, while parts of the roads are still impassable on account of the drifts. The supervisors should attend to having the roads opened where drifted shut, as necessity compels people to travel, and farmers do not want their fields cut up by the travel through them.

—Two farmers, Coleman Woolver and Albert Reed, living in Lycoming county, one day last week found where two bears had their residence in a cave among the rocks on Loyal Sock creek, and succeeded in driving them out with a dog and killing them both. The old bear weighed 250 and the female 150 pounds. There were also five cubs in the cave, and they captured four of them alive. The other one was shot. The cubs weighed about thirty pounds each.

—Albert Miller, who was traveling over the Pennsylvania railroad on a stock car in which he had charge of a horse, cow, dog and a number of chickens, was seriously hurt at Blairsville Intersection on Sunday last. The steam from a passing engine so frightened the horse that he broke loose and crushed Mr. Miller up against the side of the car, breaking one of his ribs and rupturing the lower part of his left lung. He was taken to Altoona, where he put up at the Logan House and is receiving medical attention.

—The Hollidaysburg correspondent of the Altoona *Times* says that Professor Fasolt, of the latter place, is the owner of the violin which belonged to Father Gallitzin. It is stated that the Professor found the rare treasure in a Cambria county farm house, where it had received very hard usage, but that it has been repaired and is now itself again. If we knew the name of the Cambria county farmer in whose house the violin was found and purchased, as we presume, by the Altoona Professor, we could tell just how much truth is to be attached to this story about the resurrection of Dr. Gallitzin's "fiddle."

—The Dauntless Fire Company, of Ebensburg, will hold a carnival at the Cambria Skating Rink in this place, on Friday evening, April 10. S. S. Jameson & Co., the proprietors of the rink, have kindly given the use of the rink and skates for the occasion free of charge. A good band will be in attendance to furnish music for the skating and dancing. A festival in connection with the carnival will be held in Armory hall the same evening. The proceeds of the evening are to go toward purchasing a four-wheeled hose carriage, an article that is greatly needed. Our citizens should lend liberal assistance to the fire company in their efforts to make it a succes. A general invitation is extended to all to attend.

—On Thursday of last week Judge Bucher, holding court at Lewistown, overruled the motion for a new trial in the case of Curtin McClain, convicted of the murder of William Smearmund. On being asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be imposed, the prisoner replied, "All I have to say is that I am not guilty." The Judge delivered a very feeling address to the prisoner and then pronounced the sentence that he be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

—A tramp named Frederick Appel, and who claimed Williamsburg, Long Island, as his home, in getting off a freight train last west of Altoona on Tuesday last, stepped in front of an engine coming down on another track was thrown under the wheels and had his left hand and the toes of one foot crushed. He was taken to Altoona where his arm was amputated by the rail road company's physician near the elbow and his other injuries properly attended to and was then sent to the Blair county almshouse.

—Mr. Carl Rivinius purchased a large Newfoundland dog which he intended to put on guard in his jewelry store at night. Mr. Joseph Boley, of Loretto, furnished the dog. On Tuesday night he was left on guard in the store for the first time, and on Wednesday morning Mr. Rivinius was somewhat surprised to find all the glass broken out of the lower sash in one of his back windows and the window sill all splintered up. The dog in his anxiety to get out had been playing havoc generally. All Carl needs now is some one to watch the dog.

—A former Blair countian named Tom Brandon, aged about 50 years, arrived in Pittsburg one day last week in a sorry plight. His clothes were all torn and one foot was encased in a shoe in the last stage of disintegration, while the other one which was badly frozen was wrapped in a piece of red flannel. He told a reporter his story of life and said that he had left home 16 years ago with $500 to seek his fortune, and after roaming all over the Southwest he was now on his way home from Texas. He claimed his home was in the Loop, about 7 miles from Hollidaysburg, and seemed very anxious to see the old farm. The last seen of him he was woefully gazing toward the East.

—We announced last week without comment the death of Mr. James Cunningham, of Carroll township. He was born in the county Tyrone, Ireland, and was in the 73rd year of his age. He came to this country with his parents, when he was only eight years old, his father settling in the vicinity of where Carrolltown now stands. Subsequently they removed to Susquehanna township, and in 1852 the deceased returned to Carroll township where, about three miles from Carrolltown, he had purchased a farm. He was an industrious, hard working man, honest in all his business transactions, and enjoyed throughout his life the confidence and respect of all who knew him. He was the father of eight children, four of whom, together with his wife survive him.

—Livermore is now experiencing some notoriety as being the former dwelling place of one of the principals in a recent love affair, according to a correspondent, which savors somewhat of the romantic order, and winds up with a happy union on the sly.—The parties to the affair are cousins, the young man residing at Cherrytree, Indiana county, and the young lady at Livermore.—Both are highly connected. Through visits back and forth they became enamored with each other and fearing that their plans of marriage would meet with opposition, on account of the close family relationship, they kept their secret to themselves. Recently the young lady visited at Cherrytree, and during her absence from home she was united in marriage with her affectionate cousin.—*Westmoreland Democrat.*

—A few nights ago, says the Johnstown *Tribune*, the house of Mr. Martin L. Fleegle, near Shanksville, caught fire from a defective flue and was burned to the ground. Mr. and Mrs. Fleegle were away from home and the only occupants were a twelve-year-old daughter and three younger children. The girl, who had taken the other children to bed with her, was awakened by sparks falling upon the bed and setting fire to the bedclothes, when, discovering the house to be on fire, she roused her little family and carried them out of the house to a place of safety. Returning to the house, she carried out a drawer full of valuable papers belonging to her father, carried out a sewing machine, and was found in the act of carrying out a sack of flour when some of the neighbors arrived and assisted in saving some of the furniture. The hair was nearly all singed off the little heroine's head, and her scalp was severely burned in her efforts to save the household goods.

Disastrous Fire at Tunnelhill.

The town of Tunnelhill was visited on Thursday of last week by a disastrous fire. The fire originated about half-past three o'clock in the morning in the saloon of Michael McMorris and was discovered by Mr. McMorris who resided in the same building. He was aroused by the suffocating smoke that filled his room and after awakening the other members of his family and giving the alarm succeeded in saving a few articles on the lower floor, but the fire made such headway that little was saved and the building burned down. The fire then communicated to the house of Michael Kilduff which was also burned, the occupants and neighbors succeeding, however, in saving a greater part of the furniture. The residence of Michael Mealiy was next reached by the devouring element and was also burned, the most of the furniture having been carried out and saved. The houses of Peter Daily and Mrs. Callahan were only saved by the heroic exertions of the citizens and the whole block was in the greatest danger as the town is badly supplied with water and has no fire apparatus except buckets. Mr. McMorris who also owned the building occupied by Mr. Mealiy, estimates his loss at about $6,000, and Mr. Kilduff's loss is estimated at about $700. Mr. McMorris has about $2,000 and Mr. Kilduff about $400 insurance.

Instantly Killed on the Railroad.

—On Friday last a little twelve-year old girl named Irene Tittler, daughter of a widow living near Baker's coke works at Kittanning Point, was instantly killed by being run over by a locomotive on the branch road running from Kittanning Point to Glen White. She had been sent to the postoffice at Glen White and was riding on the pilot of the locomotive when the train stopped and then started up with a sudden jerk, throwing the little girl off, so that she fell across the track in front of the locomotive, which ran over her and cut her body completely in two. It is said that the little girl had frequently made the trip in the same way, but it is nothing short of criminal carelessness on the part of trainmen to allow children to ride on trains.

Recent Deaths.

Minnie Loretto, a little daughter of Robert T. and Ella C. Shields, formerly of Loretto, this county, died at their residence in Altoona on Saturday morning last, aged about 14 months.

Miss Lilly Cox, third daughter of the late 'Squire Cox, deceased, of Johnstown, died at the residence of her mother in that place on Saturday morning last, aged about 20 years. The death of her sister, Mrs. Julia A. McDermitt, occurred just fifteen days previous.

Mr. Albert Bender, a well known citizen of Cambria borough and who formerly kept hotel at Gallitzin, died at his residence in Cambria borough on Friday last. His age was about 68 years.

Odds and Ends from Chest Springs.

O 'Tis grand to feel the fervor of the patriotic glow,
That notes a mighty nation with a sympathetic flow!
From the northernmost environ, to the Southern Gulf, we hear,
Like the noise of many waters, hallelujahs far and near.

Mr. Eben Nutter, one of the early fathers of Chest Springs, made a flying visit to the village last week. He purchased some horse flesh and left the place a few hundred dollars the richer. Money is a wonderfully handy circumstance to circulate; it takes poor people; Irish, Dutch, Swedes, and the like to make it or its equivalent; and then it takes sensible men with long heads and purses to circulate it, and sometimes they stop its circulation.

Peter Trexler, an early settler of this vicinity, seems to be climbing the last hill toward the setting sun. It may be a pretty long and steep one, but man at his age must ere long merge into the twilight of life, when the glare of daylight is past the stars of heaven come sparkling out over the azure fields.

There are two kinds of people on this whirling planet. One kind seems to have settled down to stay, while the other lives in tents, so to speak, settled like the patriarchs of old. The one kind is charitable, the other uncharitable; one grabs the other gives; one loves self, the other loves his neighbor; one is afraid of starving to death sometimes the other trusts in God and scatters benefits with a lavish hand. The distinction between the two kinds is as marked as that between day and night.

There is a good family of kind Christian people in this vicinity, and they live on Joe Walters' farm. O that the world were all like them! We could then hail the Millennial era, and the reign of the "Prince of Peace."

Life without the Key of Truth is an immense absurdity, an unfathomable mystery. With this Key of Truth life is a sublime plan, a glorious chain of golden links.

The flitting season has set in and household furniture is being aired in diverse directions. Well, "'tis home where the heart is." The snow is flitting also. The sun in his strength looked down on the hills and they melted in his glance—and the cellar is full of water.

Rather a unique spectacle occurred to us here the other day, namely, a house moving seemingly of its own accord, down the lane past Perry's barn. On closer inspection, however, we discovered a few animated specks about it which proved to be men and horses. The plain, unvarnished fact seems to be that it was intended for a meat shop, and moving to the field of future action. Well, men can do wonders when they have horses to help them. Archimedes thought he could move the world if he had a long enough pole. 'Twould be a moving spectacle, for certain.

Elias Barnacle, in company with another painter, intends to strike out on a large scale in the house painting business next summer. Mr. Barnacle is no slow hand on the side of a house; and, for that matter, he and his partner are just as good on the inside. So come on with your white lead

People must not try to make a connected narrative of these items, they might as well try to string a page of consecutive words in "Webster's Unabridged" on a line of thought.

A. D. H.

Perfection of Railroad Management.

Nothing so thoroughly exemplifies the perfection of railroad management as the manner in which the immense amount of travel to the inauguration was handled by the roads composing the great Pennsylvania system. Never before in the history of this country has there been such a demand made upon transportation facilities, as during the four days immediately preceding and succeeding the 4th of March; yet, under its splendid organization, the vast travel was accommodated without the semblance of an accident, or more than trivial delay. Thousands came from the North, East, West and South, aggregating a total of from 40,000 to 60,000 people, over the lines of this one company alone, yet they were all accommodated without any apparent effort on the part of the great corporation, which justly is acknowledged the leading railroad of the world. This grand achievement is not due alone to the skill and experience of its officers and employes, but to its splendid switch and block signal system, which makes the handling of many additional trains as simple and easy as the movement of its regular service. Superiority of management and perfection of modern appliances were never before so aptly shown, and the result accomplished is but another illustration of the fact that speed, comfort and perfect safety are always guaranteed when we journey over the lines of the Pennsylvania railroad and its branches.

The County's Wards in This Vicinity

Director Easly has just completed his report for March of the poor under his supervision and the expenses connected therewith. He states that the amount expended for relief and the number of beneficiaries is by far the largest in his experience. The names on the regular list number seventy, representing about two hundred and eighty persons. Among these $162 were distributed. On the transient list there were about thirty names, and $60 were spent in the relief of those embraced in this number. For railroad fares, for indigent travelers, $35 were expended. Two persons were committed to the Dixmont Asylum during the month—the man Lantz, of East Conemaugh and a son of Mr. Bert Walters of Upper Yoder township, aged about twenty-two years. The latter was committed to day.—His mental powers have been showing signs of weakening for some time, and recently he has had violent spells. The Board of Directors will meet this day week at the almshouse.—*Tuesday's Johnstown Tribune.*

The Great Pennsylvania Railroad to the West.

Before making their arrangements, we would advise all those who contemplate a trip to any of the Western States or Territories to consult the many advantages offered by the Pennsylvania Railroad. Its train service is quick and reliable, its employes courteous and attentive, and its general system (including switch and block signals and all other modern appliances) the most perfect of any railroad in the world. Speed, comfort, and general safety are nowhere else so surely found, and a trip over its line is more akin to the pleasures of a holiday than the irksome journey of the ordinary railroad ride. Any of its numerous agents will cheerfully furnish such information as may be desired, and all inquiries addressed to Mr. T. E. Watt, their Western passenger agent, at Pittsburg, 110 Fifth avenue, will receive prompt and full reply.

A Uniform Road Law.

In the matter of road repair each township has hitherto been a law unto itself. As a consequence there has been a great variance in the character of public roads as there are townships. In many of the adjacent townships in more progressive counties there has been unity of action and very excellent highways. There are many districts in every county and several entire counties where the roads are simply horrible, and the repairs each spring only temporary patchwork with no permanent object in view. There is a bill now before the Legislature to make a State road law which contemplates uniform action. Of course, it does not provide that all roads shall be made alike, but that the annual repairs shall conform to some general scheme and permanent in its character. If this can be accomplished it will be a great step in advance.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

The following transfers of real estate were filed in the Recorder's office, this place, for the week ending April 1, 1885:

G. L. Glasgow to Charles W. Troxell, lot in Reade township; consideration, $42.50.

Charles W. Troxell to John H. Fiske, lot in Reade township; consideration, $300.

A. R. Willhide to Naomi G Willhide, lot in Reade township, consideration, $800.

John Trexell to A. R. Willhide, lot in Reade township; consideration, $25.

M. J. Cooper and Henry Mellon to Anthony Myers, 115 acres in Gallitzin township; consideration, $1300.

Henry Mellon et ux. to Anthony Myers, 112 acres and 84 perches in Gallitzin township; consideration, $1 300

John Van Scoyoc to Samuel Hegarty, mineral in 53 acres and 20 perches in Reade tp.; consideration, $1 000.

Thomas L. Edwards to Joseph Springer, 103 acres and 6 perches in Blacklick twp; consideration, $1,000.

David W. Jones et ux. to Engelbert Levy, 138 acres and 19 perches in Blacklick twp.; consideration, $475.

William H. Thompson to Herman Baumer, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $2,500.

Herman Baumer et ux. to George W. Wagner, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $3,000.

Theodore Beadon to W. W. Ansbey, mineral in 200 acres in Gallitzin township; consideration, $2,000.

Peter Ruhritz et ux. to Anna Elizabeth Meier, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $1,200.

John E Strayer to German Loan and Saving Association, several lots in Stonycreek township; consideration, $7,200.

Francis Vought et ux. et al. to Joseph Smeltzer, lot in Gallitzin borough, consideration, $600.

Jacob Horner to Jeremiah Hildebrand, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $125.

James M. Shields to Theodore E. Smith, lot in Stonycreek township; consideration, $1,075.

Joseph Gerber to James M. Shields, lot in Stonycreek township; consideration, $75.

Charles Selbitz to J. F. Moore, lot in Gallitzin borough; consideration, $150.

"The Cotter's Saturday Night."

Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," and other poems, price only *Two Cents*. Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," Two Cents, Rawlinson's "Seven Great Monarchies" reduced from $18.00 to $3.00, and other such characteristic victories of The Literary Revolution cause a prominent literary critic to exclaim, "What is the world coming to? The poor man is on an equality with the richest, so far as books are concerned." Mr. Alden's advertisements are always interesting reading, and lovers of good books will note one in our columns elsewhere with pleasure.

A POSITIVE GUARANTEE is given that every article sold at the Golden Eagle Clothing House, Altoona, Pa., is lower in price than the same quality and make can be bought elsewhere. And remember, right here, that it makes no difference how low a price other clothiers may ask for their goods, or what inducements they may offer for your patronage the prices will always be lower at the GOLDEN EAGLE CLOTHING HOUSE, 1301 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, Pa.

Ladies Wanted.

A lady is wanted in every city and village, also ladies to travel and solicit orders for Madame Wood's Corsets and Corded Corset Waists. Agents are making from twenty to fifty dollars a week.

Send for circulars and price list to B Wood, 64 South Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Carpet Weaving.

The undersigned, residing one half mile east of St. Lawrence, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to weave carpet on short notice and at reasonable prices.—All work turned out will be first-class.

March 13,'85.-c. JOSEPH WARNER.

HYMENEAL.

DELANEY—REESE.—Married, at Gallitzin, Monday, March 30, 1885, by T. J. Stevens, Esq., Mr. Thomas J. Delaney to Miss Laura B. Reese, both of near Hollidaysburg.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED!

FIFTY GIRLS!

TO KNIT AND CROCHET.

GOOD WAGES. PAY WEEKLY.

Light, steady work given out to be made at home. Work and material furnished, called for and delivered free by express.

GLOBE KNITTING CO.,

825 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby notified that at the Sheriff's sale of the personal property of H. T. Hertzog, at Gallitzin, Pa., I purchased the following property and have left the same with the said H. T. Herzog during my pleasure, to wit: 2 horses, 2 sets of harness, 2 sleds, 2 sleighs, 1 spring wagon, 2 buggies, 2 robes, 1 saddle and bridle, 2 fly nets, 1 cupboard, 2 tons of hay, 1 bed and bedding and ½ of a lot of wheat in the ground. All persons are hereby notified not to interfere or meddle with the same.

F. J. VAUGHT.

Portage twp., March 25, 1885.-c.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court, to hear and decide upon the exceptions filed to the third and partial account of James M. Thompson and George M. Reade, Administrators of John Thompson, deceased, and report distribution of the funds in their hands to and amongst the parties legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., on Monday, April 27, 1885, at two o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested may attend, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.

Ebensburg, March 17, 1885.-c.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of Lawrence Murphy, Executor of John McGaughey, late of Munster township, deceased. And now, March 9, 1885, on motion of A. V. Barker, Esq., T. W. Dick appointed Auditor to report distribution of the fund in hands of accountant.

In pursuance of above appointment I will sit at my office in Ebensburg, Pa., on Friday, April 10, 1885, at 2 o'clock, p. m., when and where all parties interested may appear or be debarred from coming in on said fund. T. W. DICK,

March 20, 1885.-c. Auditor.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of PETER MULVEHILL, deceased.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Peter Mulvehill, late of Wilmore borough, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same must present them properly authenticated for settlement.

PETER M. KINNEY, } Executors.
JOHN BURNS, }
Wilmore, Pa., Feb. 27.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of ANDREW BURGOON, deceased.
Letters of Administration on the estate of Mr. Andrew Burgoon, deceased, late of White township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same, must present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN H. DOUGLASS.
White twp., Feb. 13, '85.-6t. Administrator.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.
Estate of JOHN A. SCHENK, deceased.
Letters of Administration on the estate of John A. Schenk, deceased, late of Allegheny township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same, must present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ELLEN E. SCHENK, Administratrix.
Allegheny township, March 13, 1885.-6t.

IN THE ORPANS' COURT OF THE county of Cambria. *To the heirs and legal representatives of Francis X. Christy, deceased. Greeting:* You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of the Orphans' Court to be held at Ebensburg, on the first Monday of June next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of Francis X. Christy, deceased, at the appraised valuation put upon it by an inquest duly awarded by the said Court or show cause why the same should not be sold.

D. A. LUTHER, } Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, }
Ebensburg, March 27, 1885.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT

With the Supervisors of Clearfield township for the year 1884.

HIRAM MCGUIRE in account with Clearfield township road district. Cr.

By am't of work done by taxables	$ 458 67	
" land returned	75	
" exonerations of work dup	7 31	
Personal services 74 days, $1.50 per day	108 00	
	574 73	
	528 82	
	58 91	
Cash paid order No 1, T. T. Byrne	61 86	
" " 2, George Cassidy	60 00	
" " 3, J. H. Douglass	75	
" " 4, '82, T. S. Williams	8 00	
" " 5, W. Ivory	3 00	
" " 7, John Durbin	3 25	
" " 8, E. R. Dunegan	14 00	
" " 9, T. S. Williams	10 00	
	157 86	
Cash paid for tools and repairs	1 50	
Cash for work done on road	3 00	
Exonerations on cash duplicate	4 30	
Five per cent. for collecting $166.81	8 34	
By balance on work duplicate	50 91	
	226 09	
By cash paid to George Cassidy in full	13 99	
	226 08	
To amount of work duplicate	Dr. $ 479 82	
To order to County Treasurer	30 00	
	523 82	
To amount of cash dupliSeate	$ 240 05	
To amount due township	13 99	
	226 08	

MICHAEL HARKEY in account with Clearfield township road district. Cr.

By amount of work done by taxables	$ 371 02
Credit by lands returned on work dup	13 28
" abatement on J. Nagle's w'k tax	2 14
Exonerations on work duplicate	9 48
For making out duplicate one day	1 50
Personal services, 74 days @ $1.50 per day	111 00
By team 4 days @ $5.00 per day	32 00
By am't of Jos. Adams' tax to McGuire	1 38
Credit for one day attending settlement	1 50
By cash paid order No. 1, T. T. Byrne	60 86
" " 3, E. Wilt	7 40
Cash paid order 1, $8, Mrs. Rose Collins	48 36
" No. 9, Lucas Moyer	5 75
" for plank	32 31
" for nails	50
" for belts	25
" for repairs to plow	75
" for work done on road	4 50
" R. W. Delozier	40
Lands returned to Commr's on cash dup	6 62
Exonerations on cash duplicate	4 00
Abatement on John Nagle's cash. tax	1 10
Cash paid Martin Carle for lumber	3 73
" Andrew Carle for plank	8 48
" Thomas Nagle for work	1 00
" James Cawley	1 46
" John Conrad	1 58
Credit ½ day attending settlement	75
Cash paid to order No. 1, Lucas Moyer	2 25
" " 2, John Durbin	2 25
" " 3, Pat Donahoe	2 50
" " 4, C. L. Miller	2 50
" " 5, John Bender	50
" " 5, Hiram McGuire	3 00
Five per cent. on collecting $205 68	10 28
	739 84
To amount of work duplicate	Dr. $ 491 64
Cash from County Treasurer	100 45
Amount of cash duplicate	293 75
Cash received from taxables on work dup	6 28
Entered by mistake on exonerated " "	1 50
	766 60
	730 84
Balance due township	35 76

We, the Auditors of Clearfield township, have examined the above accounts and found them correct to the best of our knowledge and belief.

LUCAS MOYER, }
PAT. DONAHUE, } Auditors.
JOHN DURBIN, }

Attest:
C. L. MILLER, Township Clerk.
March 20, 1885.-c.

FINAL STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Dean township, for the year ending March 9, 1885.

JOHN I TREXLER, Supervisor. Dr.

To amount of duplicate	$ 160 87
Amount of cash received from former Sup	27 89
Amount of cash received from county	55 00
Total	243 76
Contra.	Cr.
By amount returned to Commissioners	$ 55 66
Amount of work done by taxable	61 36
Amount of exonerations	37
Amount of orders redeemed and debts set	64 27
Amount of personal services, etc	37 37
	219 03
To balance	24 73

JOHN SHEETS, Supervisor. Dr.

To amount of duplicate	$ 159 08
Amount of cash received from county	249 47
Amount of cash received from former Sup	25 99
Total	434 54
Contra.	Cr.
By work done by taxables	$ 198 26
Orders redeemed	29 75
One scoop	9 00
Exonerations	30
Cash for work on roads	5 75
Credit on duplicate	7 99
Personal services	181 05
	62 50
To balance	223 55
	210 99

LIABILITIES OF TOWNSHIP.

Outstanding orders	$ 22 00
Due tr'm D. A. Ressler former Sup	3 25
Due from Sup or cash on hands	235 52
Total	238 77
Assets in excess of liabilities	213 52

We, the undersigned Auditors of Dean township, respectfully report that we have carefully examined the accounts and vouchers of John I. Trexler and John Sheets, Supervisors of said township, and find them to be correct as above stated. DENNIS CAWLEY, } Auditors.

Attest: JOHN H. MCCARRITY, }
W. G. CRISE, Clerk.
Dean township, March 17, 1885.

ARGUMENT LIST—Cases set down for Argument Court, commencing Monday, April 6, 1885:

Kisports	vs.	Hipps & Lloyd
Arble	vs.	Clark
O'Neill	vs.	Kittanning Ins Co
Reese	vs.	Hole et al
Hipps & Lloyd	vs.	Laferty
Bloom	vs.	Zinn
Woodcock	vs.	Howell
Dodson	vs.	Hoffman
Relgin Scroll Co	vs.	George
Wagner	vs.	Luther
M. W. Keim & Co	vs.	Treits
Smith	vs.	Keim
J. Swank & Co	vs.	Hutzen et al
Schomaker & Lang	vs.	Bheam
Murray	vs.	Van Aiken
Use John Thomas	vs.	Mayers et al
Same	vs.	Same
Sesler	vs.	Miller et al
Same	vs.	Same
Rutledge	vs.	Koontz
Porter	vs.	Long
Eldridge	vs.	Hindle
Crook	vs.	Noel

Ebensburg Borough vs. County Commr's'e's Petition of electors of East Taylor Tp., to change place of holding elections.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

Bob Burdette Comes to the Conclusion that it is Hard.

My son, you say it is "so hard to be good?" You say it is easier to break all of the Ten Commandments than it is to keep one of them. Well, you mistake. It isn't hard to be good. It's hard to be bad. Not right at the time? oh, no! The wine is sparkling, the songs are stirring, the stories are brimming with humor and the air is full of laughter. You are just as bad as you know how to be, and it's lots of fun to be bad, and you never want to be good—oh, yes, it seems to be very easy and very delightful to be bad at night. But the next morning, my boy? Where is the difficulty then? Who feels serious then? Whose head can't be covered with a tub? Who is afraid and ashamed to go out on the street and meet people? Who doesn't want to see anybody? Who wants to hide? Who wonders where he was last night, and whom he met, and who saw him, and what he said, and where he went, and how he did? Not the boy who went to the sociable and ate cast iron pound cake and washed it down with faded lemonade. Not the young man who passed the evening in the company of the good, goody at the debating society. Ah, no, he didn't hear the rollicking songs that you heard, my boy, and he didn't hear the racy stories that "broke you all up."

But he is feeling much better than you are this morning. He finds it very easy to be "good," very easy indeed. But to have had a headache, to have a sour rebellious stomach, to have uncertain eyes, to have a treacherous memory, to have a sense of shame, to have a dread of sunshine and a horror of daylight, to have a set of quivering nerves and a faltering speech, oh have raging thirst that water cannot appease and a gnawing hunger that loathes food, to have a dread of meeting your mother, my boy, and a fear of seeing your sister, and a shame of speaking to your good old father—this is hard, my son. This is being "bad." And—look me in the eye—honestly now, honor bright, do you think this is easier than being "good?" My dear boy, you may call your "good" a milksop and a mollycoddle, "mammy boy," if you will, and you may in your better moments sometimes say you would like to be "good" but it's so hard, but just weigh the "good" and the "bad," weigh them honestly, and tell me, tell me honestly, which is the harder, to be "good" or to be "bad." Ah, my boy, it is the easier to be "good." "The way of the transgressor is hard."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Piute Girl's Debut.

When a girl reaches womanhood and her family desire to indicate to the tribe that their daughter has reached the marriageable period she makes her debut, as you say in English, but the Piute girl comes out in an entirely different way from that adopted by her white sister. Just before she reaches womanhood her grandmother has especial charge of her. To that old lady, whose years are supposed to have brought wisdom, the girl is given. She schools her in domestic duties and explains to her the nature and importance of the wifely relation. The girl then goes with her older female relatives to a teepee, which is a small wigwam, where she remains with them twenty-five days. During this time she performs work which is supposed to be strengthening, principally consisting of pulling wool. Three times a day, at morning, noon and night, she stacks five piles of wood, making fifteen each day. Every few days her relations take her to the river to bathe, and at the end of the time she gives her clothing to her attendants and returns to the family lodge. Very frequently the wardrobe which she presents her female attendants is quite extensive, and is regarded by them as a valuable present. When the young girl has spent twenty-five days in the teepee she has made her debut into the society of her tribe, and that is considered as a public announcement that she is ready to marry.—*San Francisco Call.*

MODERN CONUNDRUMS.

When is a girl like a greenhouse? When she has her sash on.—*Lowell Courier.*

Why is a burglar like a dog that tries to catch its tail? Because he goes round after his swag.—*Texas Sittings.*

Why is the press like Providence? Because not a "sparrer" falleth to the ground without its notice.—*Lowell Courier*

Why is the man at the lower end of a whip-saw like a man who is dead and buried? Because he is under the sawed. *Boston Transcript.*

This is the difference between a part of our elder receptacle and a trick with cards—one is a jug handle and the other is a hand juggle.—*Lowell Courier.*

"Yes," said Jones, "when my wife gets mad she reminds me of a vessel under weigh."

"How so?" inquired Smith.

"Because she's got her rancor up."—*Boston Courier.*

"Ma," cried Charlie Caution at supper last night, "what are pa's dress pants made of?"

"They are made of doeskin, Charlie—stop spilling that milk on the clean table cloth."

"Well, ma, why are they like the crust on this biscuit?"

"I don't know. I'm sure."

"Because they're doughskin," said Charlie, ducking his head as his father reached for him.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

From the Bloody Ground.

TOLLESBORO, KY.

DR. S. B. HARTMAN & CO.—I keep the largest stock of medicines of any store in Lewis county, with the exception of a drug store in Vanceburg, our county seat, and am selling a great deal of your Peruna and Manalin. It is giving the best satisfaction of any medicine that I ever handled. In one case, our constable for this precinct, has been very sick and low spirited for a long time. For seven years he has tried all the doctors here, and we have some good ones, but they did him no good. After much persuasion I sold him two bottles of Peruna and Manalin. He took half of the quantities. I could see a great change in him, and now he is as sound a man apparently as there is in this vicinity, and says he is entirely well. He is a number one man, and is highly respected. He is satisfied that your medicine saved his life, after all the doctors and all medicines had failed. Being unacquainted with you, I refer you to John Shilito & Co. Aitor, Pinckard & Co., and other business houses of Cincinnati.

R. L. GILLESPIE, P. M.

"You Know How It Is Yourself."

There is not a particle of doubt but you have to this day a vivid recollection of the horrible, nauseating doses of worm-seed tea or syrups forced down your throat twenty years ago by an over-solicitous aunt or grandmother who pronounced your case worms. You will be able to appreciate a vermifuge like McDonald's celebrated worm powders. The most effective and reliable worm destroyer of the age. So easy and pleasant to take the patient will never know a medicine is being administered. Money refunded to dissatisfied buyers. For sale by E. James.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

Wanted.

The worst case in Cambria county of scrofula, erysipelas, tetter or blood disease of any nature, inherited or acquired, to purchase one bottle of McDonald's great blood purifier or sarsaparillian alternative, use as directed and if not benefitted many times the value of its cost, your money will be returned. Johnston, Holloway & Co., Philadelphia Agents. Sold by E. James, Ebensburg. [5-9,-1y.*]

That

feeling of mental dullness, that troublesome bilious headache, fastidiousness as to food, and weary aching pain in the small of the back can all be gotten rid of by using one box of McDonald's Improved Liver Pills.

Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. Johnston, Holloway & Co., Philadelphia, Agents." [5-9,-1y.*]

His Slippery Glass Eye.

"The Squire," says the author of 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster,'" wore one Sunday eye and a wig. The glass eye was constantly slipping out of focus, and the wig turning around sidewise on his head when he addressed the people of the Flat Creek District." Sad spectacle. Parker's Hair Balsam preserves and promotes the growth of the natural hair. It also restores the natural color to hair which has faded or become gray. Clean, elegant, beneficial, highly perfumed.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and even Asthma *immediately* relieved by Acker's English Remedy. Sold under guarantee by E. James.

1885. 1885.

THE WEEKLY POST

Under a Democratic National Administration.

The Will of the People Vindicated and the Great Wrong Righted.

THE PITTSBURG WEEKLY POST

congratulates its Democratic readers on the dawn of a new year, under conditions that have not existed for a quarter of a century.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

Cleveland and Hendricks have been elected. After the fourth of March there will be a Democratic administration at Washington, with great possibilities for the progress, prosperity and advancement of the country.

As THE POST has labored unceasingly for twenty-five years for these glorious results, so it will extend to the new administration a hearty greeting and a cordial support in the re-establishment of principles and policies vital to the public welfare, by reforming abuses, righting wrongs and asserting the supremacy of the Democratic faith. We are on the threshold of important events and great changes. To a Democrat who aided in Cleveland's election, the future is full of interest and hope.

THE WEEKLY POST will aim to keep fully abreast of the times in everything relating to the incoming administration. Its policy at home and abroad will be intelligently discussed, generously supported or candidly and kindly criticised. No year in the history of this journal promises to be so replete with matters of interest to Democrats as the one which we are about to enter. The meeting of Congress, the declaration of the Presidential vote, the inauguration, the new Cabinet, the changes in the public service, the opening up of the Territories, all are of great concern. THE WEEKLY POST will furnish the earliest intelligence, with judicious comment from the old Democratic standpoint. Success will not hamper it any more than a quarter of a century of defeat impaired its energies.

The session of the Legislature, with a Reform Governor opposed by a Republican majority, promises to be fruitful of important issues and exciting incidents. The coming session of Congress will be even more interesting in its broader field.

In all its varied departments, THE WEEKLY POST will aim at excellence and reliability. Its literary, miscellaneous, news and local departments will be maintained in their utmost efficiency, while its market reports will be prepared with greater care and precision than ever before and made absolutely reliable.

Now the time for Democrats everywhere to take hold, cement and strengthen the party and its chosen representatives, by extending the circulation of Democratic papers. We are no longer on the defensive—we are done with apologizing—the party to-day stands for a majority of the American people, and in a few weeks it will be called on to administer the general Government. Truth is mighty and has prevailed.

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A free copy for every club of ten.
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Publishers.

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CATARRH Cream Balm
Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste & Smell. A Quick & Positive Cure.
HAY-FEVER
A particle is applied in each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price, 50 cts. by mail or at Druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N.Y.
May 1, 1884, 5.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS & SLEIGHS!

Carriage Making in all its Branches.

Painting, Trimming

and REPAIRING of all kinds done in the SHORTEST NOTICE and the LOWEST PRICES. Also, Planing, Sawing and Wood Turning with improved machinery. Also, all kinds of heavy work done. Carriage smith shop connected.

All parties trusting me with work will be honorably dealt with. All work warranted.

D. M. CHUTE.

Ebensburg, October 24, 1884.

THE COMPLETE HOME. Agents Wanted for this beautiful Book. Now selling.—New bindings.—New designs.—5 from new designer. Superbly gotten up. Same low price. A liberal commission. Exclusive territory. Agents doing big work. EXCELLENT TERMS. The handsomest prospectus ever issued. Apply now.
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SHORTHAND Pamphlets mailed free. $1. Lessons by mail, $5. Lingle's College of Shorthand, 1431 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.—J. M. LINGLE.

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The WEEKLY PATRIOT and New York *Weekly Sun* will be sent to any address, post paid, one year for $1.00; the WEEKLY PATRIOT and New York *Weekly World* to any address, post paid, for one year for $1.90; the WEEKLY PATRIOT and the Philadelphia Saturday *Record*, post paid, for one year, $1.90; the WEEKLY PATRIOT and Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, post paid, one year for $1.85.—In all cases the cash must accompany the order.

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Is the only morning paper published at the State capital; the only morning paper outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburg that gets the complete Associated Press news, and that has a general system of special telegrams; and the only daily that reaches the interior towns of Pennsylvania before the Philadelphia and New York papers. The DAILY PATRIOT has been greatly improved in all its departments within the last six months and is now equal in all respects and superior in some to the dailies of the larger cities. Price by mail, $6.00 per annum in advance (or $7.00 if not paid in advance); $3.00 for six months, in advance; $1.50 for three months, in advance; 50 cents for one month, in advance; to clubs of five, $5.00 per copy per annum; to clubs of ten, $4.50 per copy per annum, payable in advance. The DAILY PATRIOT and the Philadelphia *Daily Record* (Sunday edition excepted) will be sent one year to any address for $8.00 cash in advance. Send for specimen copies of the DAILY and WEEKLY PATRIOT. In remitting money for subscription send postoffice money order, check or draft.

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Citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices will do well to call and give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the lowest.
Altoona, April 16, 1880.-tf.

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1794
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At prices ranging chiefly from $2 to $6 per acre, on 5 to 10 years' time. This is the Best Country for securing Good Homes now open for settlement.
FREE 320 acres of Government Land Free under the Homestead and Timber Laws, or
160 ACRES 10,818,433 Acres OR MORE THAN HALF of all the Public Lands disposed of in 1883 were in the Northern Pacific country. Books and Maps sent FREE, describing the Northern Pacific Country, the Railroad Lands for sale and its FREE Government Lands. Address CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Com'r, N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

MEN and WOMEN AGENTS WANTED
To sell choice Nursery Stock. The finest sorts Grapes, Roses, Vines and Trees. No "Agency" controls. Sold. Applicants must give references to whom we are in harmony. Good Salary and Expenses Paid, or Liberal Commission. *Experience needed.* Address, quickly, stating age, JAMES R. WHITNEY, (NURSERYMAN.) Rochester, N. Y.
Name this paper.

KANSAS LANDS
In the heart of the great wheat, corn and stock growing section of the State
FOR SALE.
The Real Estate Reporter, describing the country and lands for sale, sent free.
Address, A. R. McCONNELL, Real Estate Agt., Fort Scott, Kansas, or Wm. McCONNELL, Youngstown, O. Best Bank References given.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.
Address, H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods that will help all, of either sex, to more right from the start than anything else in the world. For those await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.
[4-4,'84-1y.*]

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

Good Pay for Agents. $100 to $200 per week, to those selling our New $75 Chromo and Famous and Decisive Battle of the World. Address J. C. McCURDY & Co.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY, or SHORT-HAND and Type-Writing HERE. Situations furnished. Address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

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A PERSIAN PICTURE.

How the Shah Lives in his Capital.

In the capital, says the *London World*, the Shah may frequently be seen on horseback, and, like all Persian gentlemen, he rides well; his horses, with long and uncut tails, dyed crimson for some six inches at their tips, (the jealously guarded privilege of the King and his sons,) are distinguished by their value and beauty. Here, too, the Shah's quiet taste is apparent in the sombre materials of his saddlery, though of course each spirited charger has its pure gold or jeweled necklet and trappings, and these barbaric ornaments certainly do not detract from its appearance. Riding alone, his eyes generally on the ground, his Majesty still maintains a staff of some dozen royal running footmen, who, clad in his state livery of scarlet and gold, and wearing the turreted hats of other days, with their jingling ornaments, and each armed with his silver staff of office, hover round the Shah, while one remains at his stirrup to indicate the royal pleasure. Behind come one or two of the Ministers, then pell-mell the throng of mounted courtiers, secretaries, officials, and their hangers-on, while the royal body-guard of irregulars, each with his gun slung in a scarlet cloth case across his back, mix promiscuously among the miscellaneous crowd of 100 to 200 horsemen without whom the Shah is hardly ever seen. The royal carriage most in vogue with his Majesty bears a suspicious likeness to one of our Sheriff's vehicles; eight horses are harnessed to it, the pairs being ridden by four postilions in scarlet. As a rule the King is alone, the only exceptions being when accompanied by one of his sons or the Prime Minister, or perhaps some religious magnate. Erratic as he is in his movements, passing from one suburban palace to another, the royal route may generally be ascertained by observing the water carriers, who carefully sprinkle the road the King will use. Nor is this a needless form, as the ordinary state of the roads, if they may be dignified with that title, round Teheran is similar to the dustiest of Derbys.

At 12 o'clock the royal breakfast is served. It is a solitary meal. The King is squatting on the ground; some 50 dishes are set before him. His Majesty eats the simplest, and quenches his thirst with buttermilk or iced sherbets, which are served in delicious profusion in magnificent china bowls. Dead silence is observed by the 500 courtiers who stand round the walls of the apartments. The royal butlers silently hand the various dishes. As the King eats he addresses those whom he may deign to honor with his notice, and these fortunate ones bow low and answer in humble affirmatives: "May I be your sacrifice, Asylum of the Universe. So it is," and so on. The same kind of language is used by the royal Princes in addressing their father, and they would not presume to attempt to sit in the royal presence; but as in Persia no son would sit in his father's presence unless ordered to do so, this is more due to filial respect than the awe of majesty. The King rinses his mouth and wipes his hands over a golden bowl, and then he rises and the meal is served to the Princes. On leaving them it goes to the courtiers, and lastly the royal farrashes pick the bones, which, by-the-bye, are scrupulously clean. The royal dinner, served about 9 P. M., is a repetition of the breakfast; generally it is evlivened by the playing of the brass bands, or by the music of the native musicians attached to the court. The dignataries of the court are numerous, and consist of the Lord Chamberlain, the chief carpet-spreader, the chief executioner, the Lord High Treasurer, the chief huntsman, the Prime Minister, and the head of the Foreign Office. Then come the minor dignitaries, the chief of the guard, the chief doctor, the chief barber, the chief of the telegraphs, the master of the horse, the Court poet, and the Court painter are not wanting. All these offices are salaried and every royal has his privileges of oppressing his subordinates and of extorting from outsiders. Often salaries are not paid, or are forfeited, or presents far exceeding their amount are made to the Shah himself or his ministers. But every man, from the Prime Minister downward, has his legitimate perquisites, his lawful peculations—in fact, the modakel (or chasteuve, as it is called in India) assigned to his position. Of everything that passes through his hands something sticks, and the larger his affairs the bigger his profits. In Persia everything is sold—Governorships, Judgeships, religious offices, places of every kind, official protection, all. The great officials are as corrupt as Bacon, but they are not detected, or, if detected, know how to buy safety.

The King visits Europe tended for the time to civilize him, but before a year had expired he wanted to execute the Prime Minister. He had lighted his palace with gas, and even started the electric light there; but when he did not pay the salary of the genial Frenchman who provided that light, all was dark once more. In fact, the Shah was introduced to the high-handed proceedings of gas companies in Europe. After that the Frenchman got his pay, and supply has been steady since. The King now returns salutes, as a rule; before his visits to Europe he did not. He now looks at the pictures in the illustrated journals with pleasure. But when he first crossed the Caspian he slept on the floor in the ladies' cabin under the table, and on the table he put his boots. He maintains a staff of giants and dwarfs. Once it was a pleasure to the Asylum of the Universe to fill a boat on one of the large tanks of his numerous country palaces, with the grandees of his kingdom clad in gala costume, and go into fits of laughter as the boat sank and the pillars of the empire crawled out, muddy, wet, and bedraggled. And they say that on the last visit of the King of Kings to Europe, when seated between two royal ladies at the dinner table, on tasting and sucking a piece of asparagus, that he offered the half-devoured bait to the more august of the two, with the idea that she should enjoy the pleasure he had experienced, saying, with innocent enjoyment: "Ha, ha! how good it is!"

A Druggist's Verdict.

M. E. George, one of the principal druggists of Philipsburg, Pa., writes: "Mr. A. McDonald, Reedsville, Pa., *Dear Sir*:—One of the most prominent citizens of our city and a gentleman well known and highly respected in the surrounding country, called at our store and voluntarily offered to go before a justice of the peace and testify in an affidavit to the virtue of your Blood Purifier, saying that he had used but three bottles, and was now entirely cured of a distressing and long continued attac: of erysipelas, and having tried a number of other remedies without receiving any noticeable benefit. Please send us one dozen by express. We never had a medicine in our store that sells as readily or gave such universal satisfaction as your Blood Purifier."

For scrofula, erysipelas, tetter, salt rheum skin diseases, humors, sores, eruptions, pimples, blotches, swellings, tumors, boils, scald head, ringworm, syphilis, and all blood disorders, no remedy ever devised equals in efficacy and power McDonald's great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillian Alterative. Warrant d. Seventy-five cents per bott. at all dealers in medicines.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.
Philadelphia Agents.

Now that sudden and violent changes of weather occur every twenty-four hours, almost everyone has a troublesome cold, which, if neglected, may produce results that will trouble you for the remainder of your life. Dr. Kennedy's Celebrated Cherokee Cough Medicine is especially deserving praise in this class of complaints. It never fails! It never disappoints! Instructions for treatment of croup and whooping cough also accompany each bottle. Every family, especially where there is children, should have a bottle. Does 1 fail but you can have their money refunded. For sale by E. James

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

THE USE of Iodoform or mercurials in the treatment of catarrh—whether in the form of suppositories or ointments—should be avoided, as they are both injurious and dangerous. Iodoform is easily detected by its offensive odor. The only reliable catarrh remedy on the market to day is Ely's Cream Balm, being free from all poisonous drugs. It has cured thousands of chronic and acute cases, where all other remedies have failed. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50 cents; of druggists.

THAT feeling of mental dullness, that troublesome bilious headache, fastidiousness as to food, and weary aching pain in the small of the back, can all be gotten rid of by using one box McDonald's Improved Liver Pills. Money refunded to dissatisfied buyers. For sale by E James.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WHAT STRUCK HIM!

The Mystery of a Deadly Attack Solved by a Newspaper Paragraph.

Boston Herald.

"How are Americans liked in England?"

And Mr. B. F. Larrabee, 49 Chester Square, ex-director of the New York & Boston Despatch Express Company, who has recently returned from a cosiderable residence in London, answered: "If they have good recommendations and behave themselves they are well treated, but they will like the English people, any way, when acquaintance ripens into confidence."

"How do the English compare with Americans?"

"The finest looking men in the world can be seen on pleasant days of the London season, promenading Piccadilly. The English ladies, however, are neither so neat in appearance nor so graceful of form and movement as the Americans, but they seem to enjoy more robust health."

"Are English people longer lived than our people?"

"I don't know. I have not fully investigated. But I remember once hearing read a newspaper paragraph entitled 'Why do Englishmen Live Longer than Americans?' That paragraph, by the way, once solved a great mystery for me."

"Ah, indeed, another 'tribute to the power of the press?'" suggested the reporter.

"Yes, if you so please to call it. In 1879, when I was residing at the Commonwealth hotel, in this city, I had occasion to do some business in Washington street. When I got to the corner of Franklin, I seemed to feel a blow in the breast and fell to the pavement like a dead man. When I recovered consciousness I was taken to my hotel. I first thought some enemy had struck me, but my physicians assured me that such could not be the case and advised strictest quiet. For six long weeks I was unable to lie down. I was violently ill, and my physicians said I would probably never walk the streets of Boston again. I did not want to die, but who can expect to live when all doctors say he cannot?" And Mr. Larrabee smiled, sarcastically, and expressed himself very freely concerning the number of common disorders which are controlled by remedies which physicians will not employ.

"But how about that paragraph?"

"Yes, yes. When I was obliged to sit up in bed day and night for fear of suffocation, and hourly expected death, my nurse begged the privilege of reading the paragraph to me. I refused him at first, but he persisted. It described my condition so exactly, that for the first time I began to realize what had prostrated me. I was filled with a strange hope. I at once dismissed my physicians and immediately began Warner's safe cure. In few months, I was restored to perfect health, notwithstanding mine was one of the worst cases of bright's disease of the kidneys, which all my physicians,—and I had the best specialists in Boston,—said was incurable. I tell you, when a man gets into the desperate condition I was in, he doesn't forget what rescues him."

"But were the effects permanent?"

"That was two years ago," said Mr. Larrabee, "and for thirty years I have not been so well as during the past five years. If I had known what I do now, I would have checked the matter long ago, for it was in my system for years, revenging itself on my blood, by frequent attacks of chills, jaundice, vertigo, typhoid fever, nervousness, wakeful nights, etc., etc. I took over forty bottles before I got up and over one hundred and fifty before I was well. I have commended that treatment in thousands of cases of general debility, kidney and liver disorder, etc., and have never heard of it concerning it. A bank on it."

"Speaking of papers, how do English papers compare with American, in this particular?"

"Well, they have fewer witty paragraphs, but the smaller papers, like the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Echo*, the *Sporting Gazette*, and *Truth*, abound in sharp, incisive paragraphs without wit. In general, American papers make the most of news, the London papers make the most of opinion."

How to Utilize Space.

When one lives in rented houses, writes a correspondent, they are often found lacking in closet room. I will tell how we made a substitute for a wardrobe in a house of this kind. There was a recess by the side of the chimney, and in that I had two shelves fitted, one about eight inches from the floor, and the other about five feet above that. Then I made a curtain just long enough to reach from one shelf to the other. Made it in two parts and hemmed it at both ends, run a stout wire in both hems, which was fastened at each end to the shelves and also in the middle. Below the upper shelf I fixed two rows of hooks put, and my closet was finished. The curtain being fastened both top and bottom, successfully excluded the dust. It parted in the middle and could be pushed back either way, sipping easily on the wire. A small closet of the same kind could be made in the corner of a room, using shelves that fit into the corner. Cretonne or canton flannel makes a good curtain. A wide hem should be made, and a casing for the wire stitched about two inches from the edge, so as to leave a heading above. The bottom is finished in the same way.

About Pie.

To prevent pies baking over: Good pie apples, such as Greenings, do not require any water. Two or three tablespoonfuls are enough for poorer apples later in the season. Sweeten, season, and add a small piece of butter. Cut the under crust a little larger than the dish, lap it over the upper crust, pinch tight and mark it with a fork.

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